

PHILIPS
PHOTOFLIX
FLASHBULBS

CHINA



MAIL

RELAX IN **DAKS**
THE FAMOUS COMFORT
IN ACTION TRUNKERS
Whiteaways

No. 36498

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1956.

Price 30 Cents

COMMENT OF THE DAY

The Aswan Dam

THERE is little doubt that the American government's decision not to participate in the Aswan Dam project in the present circumstances was considerably influenced by congressional sentiment. Congress last week made no bones about their feelings—they were solidly against heavy dollar commitments for the project. Colonel Nasser, the Egyptian President, has done most to lose popular American support for the ambitious development scheme. He could have closed with the joint Anglo-US financing offer some time ago when American public opinion was fairly well disposed towards him and his regime. But he preferred to go fishing in the troubled waters of international politics, accepting Communist-made military equipment, attempting to upset the balance of power in the Middle East, and nibbling at Soviet offers to help him build the dam. Officially the reasons for the withdrawal of the American aid offer are failure of the states possessing proprietary rights to the Nile reaching agreement on the division of the river's waters, and the uncertainty of Egypt's ability to devote adequate resources to assure the project's success. Both are tenable objections, yet behind the decision can be discerned a powerful political influence. The question now posed is whether Egypt and the other interested Nile states have lost all chance of possessing a redoubtable dam, the existence of which would transform the hidden resources of a vast area. Or does the project now become a Russian undertaking?

The Soviet Union has made tentative assistance offers to Egypt, and assuredly Foreign Minister Shepilov discussed the scheme with Nasser during his recent visit to Cairo. Nevertheless it would appear that inasmuch as the Egyptian Ambassador to Washington was this week instructed to accept the Western offer, Moscow was not able to give solid assurances of financing the undertaking. President Nasser may have thought he was being clever in playing Russia off against the United States, but from his point of view the net result can hardly be counted a success. But then, perhaps, Colonel Nasser really doesn't care a rap about a dam. After all, he's had an amusing political flirtation.

PEKING BUYS BRITISH CARS IN HK

Convoy Of 28 Leaves This Morning

BY A STAFF CORRESPONDENT

The United Kingdom motor industry, which has been in the doldrums for the last few months, may now take heart. A "new" field has been opened to it—China is purchasing. This morning 28 British Standard Vanguard 3s, ordered by the Peking Government left Kowloon for the border. This was the largest single order for cars placed with a Hongkong firm by the Communist regime.

Some months ago about 12 British and four German cars were delivered, but not from local stock. A reliable source said this morning that the Vanguards, valued at about \$284,000 cash were to be used as taxis. (It has been reported that there is a shortage of taxis in the capital.) However it was also thought locally that some—or all—might be for the use of high government officials.

The order was placed with Far East Motors by China Resources, the official Peking Government buying agency in Hongkong. No spare parts were involved in the deal—the cars were sold out of stock as they would have been to any ordinary buyer, though no doubt the purchase price was reduced for quantity.

The 28-car convoy, made up into two sections, left Middle Road, Kowloon, at about 7.15 a.m. and was due to arrive at Man Kam To (the vehicular bridge crossing) at about 10 a.m.



This composite picture shows some of the 28 Standard Vanguards lined up in Middle Road, and the head of the 28-car convoy in Salisbury Road on its way to the border.—Staff Photographer.

China Mail Feature Highlights

- Here are some of today's feature highlights:
- P. 5: The "cup" of the world's strangest story, by Felix Barker. What is it like to live in a goldfish bowl? by Albert Stewart.
- P. 6: I feel the pulse of another Peking, by Sefon Delmer. Can you do Paris on £25, by Roderick Mann.
- P. 7: Beginning: The story of Annigoni, portrait painter of the Queen, by David Wynne Morgan. William Hickey.
- P. 8: Brave new world revisited, part III, by Aldous Huxley. A million deal for Diana Dora, by Christopher Dobson.
- P. 13: Les Amours examines the character and politics of Solomon Bandaranaike.
- P. 14: Cyril Stapleton's record column. Nancy Spain on books.
- P. 10 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.

Locally employed drivers were used in the operation until the convoy reached the border. It was understood that at Man Kam To the cars were to be examined by the Hongkong Customs.

Following the examination the cars were to be handed over to Peking officials for chassis and engine number checks, etc. The handover was expected to take about three-quarters of an hour. Although there was no official or unofficial comment this morning the deal was thought to be the forerunner of other orders from the Peking Government.

AMERICA LAGGING BEHIND IN DEVELOPING ATOMIC POWER

Washington, July 20.

The United States government was today urged to speed up the development of civilian atomic power in an effort to keep up with British and Soviet advances. The House Appropriations Committee, in a majority report accompanying a bill financing the atomic energy commission, declared the United States was "bogged down in inexcusable stagnation" in the race to develop atomic power.

The United States was behind Britain and the Soviet Union in atomic power, the report said, adding "the Russians and the British are going to have atomic electric power sooner than this country."

It sharply criticised Mr Lewis Strauss, Chairman of the AEC and called for a reorganisation of the Commission.

"If we drag our feet—and we are dragging our feet—the other nations of the world will inevitably turn to Britain and Russia as the suppliers of atomic electric power plants," it added.

AWESOME DANGERS

The committee said the inherent dangers in the operation of an atomic power plant "are awesome to consider. No one could say that an atomic plant would not get out of control."

"The problem goes way beyond the possibility of explosion, as industrial explosions are known to us. The problem is the escape of radioactive gases or waters into the surrounding terrain. This danger alone is of such magnitude that only the Government itself is in a position to go ahead with the vital problem at hand. "Envisage the consequences to a metropolitan area in the event that an atomic electric power plant were to get out of control," it added.

Because "the outbreak of an atomic war could render the entire earth, or a large portion of it, uninhabitable the com-

mittee said: "It follows that an international agreement to outlaw A-bombs and H-bombs as weapons of warfare is a logical prospect."

If an agreement on prohibition was reached the report said, "the likely factor in a war fought with conventional weapons will be the nation or group of nations possessing the greatest energy potential."

"In other words, the earliest possible development of atomic electric power by the United States is immediately required—the earliest achievement of efficient atomic electric power is a true road to world peace."

"The issue now confronting this country is not the issue of private power versus public power. The issue rather is American versus Russian power," the report added.

Russia Willing To Buy

London, July 20.

The Soviet Union is prepared to spend between 27 and 30 million pounds sterling on about 500 special machines, made in Britain, Mr V. E. Skoblov, an official of the Soviet Machine Construction Ministry, said at Shrewsbury today.

Skoblov is a member of a Soviet trade delegation visiting Britain under the leadership of Vice-Premier Vyacheslav Malyshev.

The Soviet official added that the amount of machinery to be purchased would be decided at talks to be held soon between Malyshev and the President of the British Board of Trade, Mr Peter Thorneycroft.—France-Press.

MISSING FOR TWO MONTHS

Washington, July 20. Peter Winant, 32, nephew of the late Ambassador, John Winant, has been missing for the past two months in a rugged area of Northern Afghanistan which borders Russia, it was disclosed today.

Frederick Winant, father of the missing man, told newsmen the Afghan government had been "very helpful" and co-operative, but had been

unable to find any trace of a bus in which Peter left Kabul on May 20 en route to Iran. Peter was accompanied by a Swedish missionary, Miss Gunnel Gunneson. They had been working together in India to improve living conditions in an impoverished village. Peter, a graduate of the Boston University Theological School, had been in India for about two years.—United Press.

FEARS HER HUSBAND HAS BEEN ABDUCTED

Washington, July 20.

The wife of a former Soviet Army captain who defected to the West said today she feared her husband had been kidnapped by Soviet agents and forced to return to Russia.

Mrs Boris Olshansky, a German citizen employed as a restaurant cashier here, said she last saw her husband on June 4 when he left here to go to Bremerhaven, Germany. Six days later she received a letter from him postmarked in Moscow. Mrs Olshansky said her husband left Washington National Airport on June 4 and was supposed to have boarded a ship, the SS Severn Seas from Montreal, for Bremerhaven. He had a job there writing for Possev, an anti-Communist weekly newspaper.

NOT ON SHIP

She said her husband never boarded the ship but was not missed until he failed to arrive in Frankfurt. But she said the editor of Possev had received a telegram from him on June 5 that he was still alive. "If he is in Russia he'll never get out," she said.

Olshansky testified before a Congressional Committee in 1952 that the Russians, not the Nazis, committed the Katyn massacre in Poland.

8-PAGE LETTER

Mrs Olshansky said she was sick and had not been able to go to work since she received an eight-page letter from her husband on June 10. "She said he referred to Moscow as his 'home' and said that he would be working there. He asked her and their three children to go and live with him. The handwriting in the letter definitely was his, she said. The letter has been turned over to the FBI.—United Press.

Can't Form Govt

The Hague, July 20.

A Dutch government spokesman said today Dr Willem Drees, outgoing Socialist Prime Minister, had virtually conceded defeat in his attempt to form a new government after the Catholic Party yesterday rejected his programme. "It is hardly possible that Dr Drees can form a new government now," the spokesman said.—Reuter.

PARIS MEETING

Paris, July 20.

Youth leaders from the 16 nations of the Atlantic alliance are to meet here for five days from July 23 to confer on the aims and accomplishments of the organisation. Nato's headquarters announced today.—Reuter.

EXPRESS RUNS OFF RAILS

Grenoble, July 20.

The Grenoble-Veynes-Marsailles passenger express train ran off the rails at a branch-off today three minutes after leaving here.

First reports said two persons were killed and five seriously injured.

The train had pulled out of Grenoble at 12.22 p.m. The derailment occurred at the Veynes-Chambery branch-off on the southern outskirts of the town.—United Press.

Nuclear Grain Is The Latest Possibility

London, July 20.

Seeds planted after subjection to nuclear bombardment have produced crops which may revolutionise the future growth of wheat, oats and barley, it was disclosed here.

Detailed results of this experiment will not be known until the crops are harvested in September, but a preliminary examination by seed specialists has resulted in satisfactory reports.

The object of the experiment conducted in the Lincolnshire hills by a seed firm is to see whether seeds exposed to atomic radiation will produce better and stronger crops. It is already known that radiation induces basic changes in growth.

One new growth discovered by the experts here is arousing keen interest. It is a type of oat with a thicker stalk than previously known, and crops of this variety would be immensely valuable in northern England and Scotland where oats are continuously buffeted by high winds.—China Mail Special.

CLEANING-UP

Saigon, July 20.

South Vietnamese troops began a cleaning-up campaign today against isolated rebel units and criminals believed hiding in an area 25 miles north of here. Their action is expected to end all armed opposition to the government, officials said.—United Press.

Accra, July 20.

One man was shot dead and three injured by gunshots in the Ashanti territories of the Gold Coast, during incidents following Tuesday's general elections, it was reported in Accra tonight.—France-Press.

the strongest and most persistent insect-killer ever!

Shell Cockroach Killer
with Dieldrin

Good news! Shell Cockroach Killer now contains the amazing new Shell Insecticide DIELDRIN.

As a result, it kills quicker, and goes on killing longer than anything you've known before. Spray or brush it on walls and woodwork; spray it under sinks and stoves, in cupboards and drawers. World health experts have already proved DIELDRIN's amazing efficacy, because it is the most effective and safe insecticide known today.

Ask for Shell Cockroach Killer at your usual store.

banish cockroaches overnight

Revolutionary Aerodynamic

PLYMOUTH '56 IS HERE!

Many amazing NEW FEATURES.

LARGER BORE means increased power. SHORT STROKE means less friction, longer engine life.

INCREASED TORQUE produces faster acceleration when starting or passing and levels out the hills.

HIGHER COMPRESSION RATIO squeezes more power from every drop of fuel, resulting in better performance.

HIGHER HORSEPOWER lets engine work without strain, gives reserve for use when needed.

A new era in Automatic driving is here. Seeing is believing. Call for a demonstration!

GILMANS
132 NATHAN ROAD TEL. 64246 64256

As the shadows shorten

As you approach the Equator the shorter the shadows and the longer the glasses. Where your glass is nearly as long as your shadow, thirst is a major industry.

There in the glasses of those who really know the subject, you find Rose's Lime Juice, Nature's finest answer to thirst, the pure juice of the lime with its own reviving tang and pure cane sugar for flavour and energy.

When you're sun baked, parched and dry—keep your mind on the Rose's ahead, long, liquid, cool, unaltered with ice.

When you have a really first-class thirst make the most of it with Rose's.

ROSE'S Lime Juice
—MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE

KING'S PRINCESS

COMMENCING TO-DAY



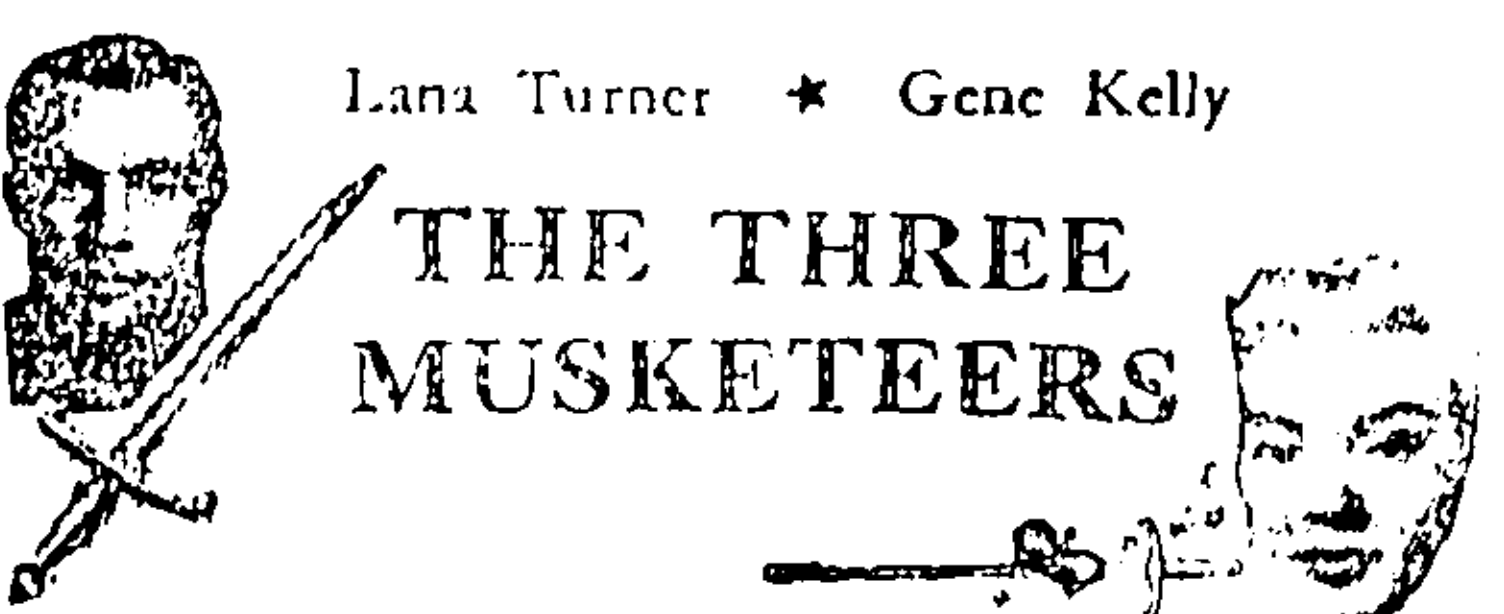
KING'S 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

"TARANTULA"
EXTRA MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 A.M.
At Regular Prices

PRINCESS EXTRA MORNING SHOW
To-morrow at 11.00 a.m.
Paramount Technicolor Cartoons
At Reduced Prices

HOOVER LIBERTY
CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 72371 KOWLOON TEL. 60146, 60248

M-G-M FAVOURITE FILM WEEK
TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



SUNDAY, 22nd JULY (5 SHOWS)

THE WIZARD OF OZ
JUDY GARLAND
HOOVER At 11.30 a.m., 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.
LIBERTY At 12.00 noon, 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.

MONDAY, 23rd JULY
"KING SOLOMON'S MINES"
Starring: Stewart GRANGER • Deborah KERR

TUESDAY, 24th JULY
"AN AMERICAN IN PARIS"
Starring: Gene KELLY • Leslie CARON

WEDNESDAY, 25th JULY
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
Starring: Betty HUTTON • Howard KEEL

LEE TO-DAY
4 SHOWS TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

LI LI HWA in
"A PHANTOM'S LOVE AFFAIR"
(鬼戀)

A Chinese Picture — Dialogue in Mandarin
Admissions: \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 & \$3.00

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 11.30 A.M.
WALT DISNEY'S

"Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs"
Colour by Technicolor!

Added: Walt Disney's TRUE LIFE ADVENTURE
"NATURE'S HALF ACRE"
Printed in Technicolor!

At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 & 70 cts.

WORLD WIDE FAVOURITES
Commencing Thursday, July 26, 1956
4 show daily—At Reduced Prices: \$1, \$1.50, \$2 & \$3.

July 26
Thurs. Paramount Presents
"ROMAN HOLIDAY"
Starring: Audrey HEPBURN — Gregory PECK

July 27
Fri. Paramount Presents
"REAR WINDOW"
Starring: James STEWART — Grace KELLY
VistaVision — Technicolor

July 28
Sat. Warner Bros. presents
"EAST OF EDEN"
Starring: James DEAN — Jo Van FLEET
CinemaScope — Warner Color

July 29
Sun. CHARLIE CHAPLIN in
"MODERN TIMES"
Released Thru United Artists

July 30
Mon. Columbia presents
"JUBAL"
Starring: Glenn FORD — Ernest BORGNINE
CinemaScope — Technicolor

July 31
Tues. Paramount Presents
"SEPTEMBER AFFAIR"
Starring: Joan FONTAINE — Joseph COTTEN

FILMS

Current & Coming
BY JANE ROBERTS

There was a "Full House" sign at the Queen's cinema on Wednesday afternoon when I went along to see the first show of "The Vanishing Prairie".

I have not been able to get the opinion of any of the many children I saw there, but for myself, I was a little disappointed. "The Living Desert" was such good cinema as well as being interesting and well photographed that it seemed as though Walt Disney could not fail to come up with another winner.

Perhaps the fault was that he kept too close to the formula used in the earlier picture and in trying to re-use it let out some of the more successful factors.

The background for instance is not as varied or as colourful as "The Living Desert" and too close a concentration on the birds and beasts pulls after a time.

The antics of the prairie dogs are amusing and it is difficult to imagine how some of the underground photographs were obtained. Their struggle for existence is well illustrated by references to their many enemies, and gives Walt Disney a chance to bring in coyotes, ferrets, falcons, badgers, owls, etc. However, a delight in all animals does not protect one from a high irritation at the length of the film spent with these prairie dogs.

In "The Vanishing Prairie", as the title suggests, Disney has singled out the birds and animals whose numbers are dwindling and to hold the attention of the viewer by interposing remarks on the actions of the subjects on the screen. Some are a help, and others a hindrance.

The scene showing the birth of a bison is included in this version and while being a little distasteful, has been handled quite unemotionally and in my opinion, can cause no anxiety to the sensible parent or teacher. The more positive instruction a child receives on matters of this sort, the less unhealthy whispering there will be.

Of all the animals photographed, the cougar, panther, mountain lion, a self-styled one of his many names you wish to use, will probably be the children's favourite. It is emphasised that he is not the mean murderer that he is often mislabeled, but kills only when he is hungry. His grace is superb and the slow motion shots (these are used often in "The Vanishing Prairie") do not do this well.

New Films At A Glance
SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "The Three Musketeers": A swashbuckler, Lana Turner, Gene Kelly.
KING'S and PRINCESS: "Tarantula": Horror film, John Agar, Mara Corday, Leo G. Carroll.
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "A Town Like Alice": About women POWs under the Japanese. Virginia McKenna, Peter Finch, Marie Lohr.
QUEEN'S, ALHAMBRA and EMPIRE: "The Vanishing Prairie": A Walt Disney feature.
ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Revolt of Mamie Stover": A girl in love with money, Jane Russell, Richard Egan, Joan Leslie, Agnes Moorehead.

COMING
HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Ransom": Search for a kidnapped child, Glenn Ford, Donna Reed.
KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Return of Jack Slade": A western, John Ericson, Mari Blanchard, Neville Brand.
"The Spoilers": A western, Rory Calhoun, Jeff Chandler, Anne Baxter.
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Quiet Man": Romance and whimsy in Ireland, John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara, Victor McLaglen, Barry Fitzgerald.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The River": A boundary change and its effect on German homes.
ROXY and BROADWAY: "John and Julie": The adventures of two children trying to see the Coronation, Nora Hiler, Noelle Mitchell, Constance Cummings, Willard Hyde, White.

This Week's Films In Pictures



Richard Egan and Jane Russell in a scene from "The Revolt of Mamie Stover"

A picture not to be missed, but don't be disappointed if it doesn't quite reach your expectations—Disney set himself a very high standard with "The Living Desert".

Siam In Colour

Showing with "The Vanishing Prairie" at the Empire, Queen's and Alhambra cinemas is another Walt Disney production — "Siam".

This is a pleasing documentary, well photographed in colour and combines painless instruction with humour and charm.

It has wisely evaded the easy trip of parading the unimpaired temples of Bangkok, and instead, with only a short excursion into the pomp and circumstance of Siamese Royalty, concentrates on a typical family living on a sampan.

Like their Chinese counterparts, they manage to squeeze a phenomenal number of people into their small boat and as the cat is to the Siamese what the chow dog is to Hongkong sampan dwellers, he is included in the crew.

The end of this documentary is a particularly fine point. It would not be surprising if the show, but the character in his face would shame many a movie star. His hilarious mud fight with a mere handlubber who has the effrontery to haul him as the boat passes was one of the highlights of my afternoon's cinematography.

Nevil Shute Film

Anyone who read Nevil Shute's "A Town Like Alice" and was not moved by the courage displayed by the forgotten women of the story must be very hard-boiled and cynical indeed.

Separated from their menfolk, at the complete mercy of their Japanese captors and only too aware that their presence was an embarrassment to the enemy, they could have been forgiven for any form of mental or physical breakdown.

Yet though this is admittedly a work of fiction, it is based on truth and any major distortion would have called down abuse and worse on the head of the author.

So as well as being a moving work of fiction, it is all the more powerful for being a faithful reproduction of events that really took place.

I can think of no British actresses available to the J. Arthur Rank Organisation who would have better fitted the role of Jean, the young typist whose courage and determination, lodged in an almost scrawny frame, supported and comforted those lonely women driven almost backwards and forwards through the jungles in an effort to "lose" them.

Hers is no flag-waving, speech-making, haranguing leadership, it is the natural, almost bovine kind, of refusal to admit defeat and the simplicity to deal with each problem as it presents itself.

To have read the book will not diminish the appeal of this film, for while it possesses enough action to please those whose main interest is to see how it all turns out, most of the emphasis has been placed on characterisation, and the presentation, within the framework of the book, of a collection of human beings whose behaviour in certain situations is consistent with their intellectual make-up.

It seems I was wrong. Most people, male and female alike, have a secret longing for spiders—even the smallest of the species—and producer William Alland was confident enough that these same people would pay to have their straddles tickled to have come up with a gruesome little piece called "Tarantula".

It is wildly far-fetched and quite silly in parts, yet it will possibly have a morbid fascination for those who are not too fussy about credibility.

The picture's main claim to horrible fame lies in the fact that it is supposed to occur in the present to present-day Earth dwellers, thereby dissolving any hopes the tender or the squeamish might have that they are seeing the morbid dream of a sub- or super-human from outer space.

In one particularly absurd scene close to the end, the U.S. Air Force is called out to bomb and slake the spider—now grown to gigantic proportions—and the force then gets completely out of hand.

It Escapes!

"Science" is allowed a finding acquaintance with the story by way of an experiment with synthetic food. Leo G. Carroll and a very pretty assistant (Mara Corday, the 1st part of the film)—are engaged on this apparently simple task of fact-finding in a lonely house out in the desert.

There have already been two horrible deaths in connection with the work, however, and as we, the audience, have been let into the secret that a "treated" tarantula has escaped from the laboratory—without apparently causing much anxiety to the somewhat careless scientist—it is obvious that the creature, like Alice in Wonderland, is going to grow and grow and cause quite a lot of trouble.

This is certainly not a film I would have gone to from choice. However, as I had to sit through it in the course of duty, I must admit to a grudging respect for the way in which the film is built up to its pinnacle of improbability which formed the climax.

John Agar is the personable young doctor whose engaging interference saves the heroine from the fate destroyed by partly blue stockings, and the man of many faces, Nestor Tova, plays for once, a role that is not a cliché.

Being leaving "Tarantula" a last word on Mara Corday. Even like her in this, you'll find her in another but I what the cinema trade—gently with tongue in cheek—calls "the scene-stealer".

Shooting started in May on "The Deadly Mantis" and as no stretch of the imagination could envisage how a picture of this type could take more than a few weeks to complete, Miss Corday and her co-star, Rex Reason should be here to us before the end of the summer.

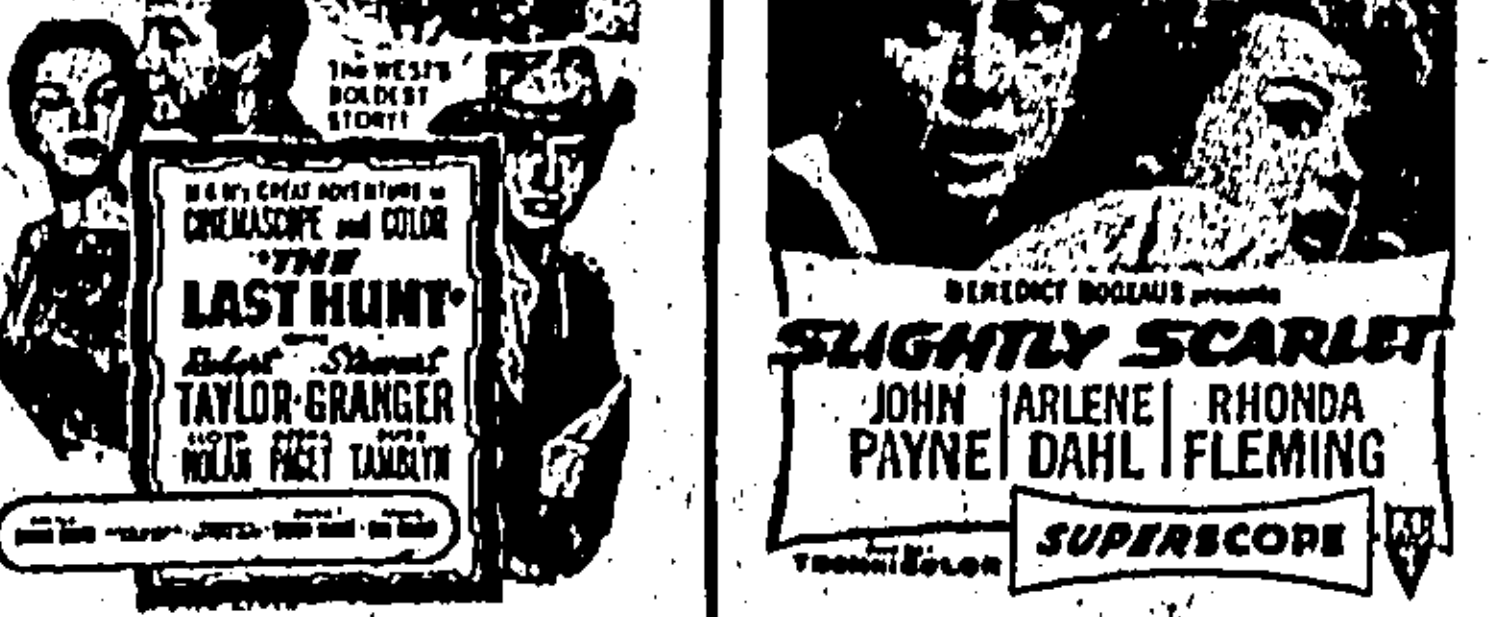
'Horrific'

I thought the fashion for horror pictures was completely dead and that the anti-climax of raising a laugh instead of a scream of terror was too great to be risked by any of today's producers.

'Mamie' Delayed

As the success of "The Man In The Gray Flannel Suit" has held it over one more day, it has been impossible to see "The Revolt of Mamie Stover"—it has not been previewed to the Press. A review of the picture will appear in this column next week.

ORIENTAL MaJestic
SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
A mighty story of the last dangerous buffalo hunt!



Morning Show To-morrow 12.30 ALL TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

Capitol Theatre
An Indian Picture
"SHAHI MEHMAN"
with your favourite stars SHYAMA & RANJAN
Music by BIPIN BASUL

SUNDAY 22nd July
at 10.30 a.m.

"SHAHI MEHMAN"
with your favourite stars SHYAMA & RANJAN
Music by BIPIN BASUL

NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

Causeway Bay, Tel. 78721, 78155 Kowloon, Tel. 53500
SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



VIRGINIA MCKENNA
PETER FINCH
"A TOWN LIKE ALICE"

with MARIE LOHR • RENEE HOUSTON
JEAN ANDERSON • MAUREEN SWANSON

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.
NEW YORK: "HENSEL AND CRETEL"
GREAT WORLD: United Artists Colour Cartoons

QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA EMPIRE
AIR-CONDITIONED

QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA & EMPIRE
2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. 12.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
SHOWING TO-DAY

Walt Disney's
Stirring NEW True-Life Adventure Feature!
"THE VANISHING PRAIRIE"

QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA EMPIRE
2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. 12.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
SHOWING TO-DAY

Walt Disney's
Stirring NEW True-Life Adventure Feature!
"THE VANISHING PRAIRIE"

QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA EMPIRE
2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. 12.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
SHOWING TO-DAY

Walt Disney's
Stirring NEW True-Life Adventure Feature!
"THE VANISHING PRAIRIE"

QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA EMPIRE
2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. 12.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
SHOWING TO-DAY

Walt Disney's
Stirring NEW True-Life Adventure Feature!
"THE VANISHING PRAIRIE"

QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA EMPIRE
2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. 12.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
SHOWING TO-DAY

Walt Disney's
Stirring NEW True-Life Adventure Feature!
"THE VANISHING PRAIRIE"

QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA EMPIRE
2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. 12.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
SHOWING TO-DAY

Walt Disney's
Stirring NEW True-Life Adventure Feature!
"THE VANISHING PRAIRIE"

QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA EMPIRE
2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. 12.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
SHOWING TO-DAY

Walt Disney's
Stirring NEW True-Life Adventure Feature!
"THE VANISHING PRAIRIE"

QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA EMPIRE
2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. 12.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
SHOWING TO-DAY

Walt Disney's
Stirring NEW True-Life Adventure Feature!
"THE VANISHING PRAIRIE"

QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA EMPIRE
2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. 12.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
SHOWING TO-DAY

Walt Disney's
Stirring NEW True-Life Adventure Feature!
"THE VANISHING PRAIRIE"

QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA EMPIRE
2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. 12.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
SHOWING TO-DAY

Walt Disney's
Stirring NEW True-Life Adventure Feature!
"THE VANISHING PRAIRIE"

QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA EMPIRE
2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. 12.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
SHOWING TO-DAY

Walt Disney's
Stirring NEW True-Life Adventure Feature!
"THE VANISHING PRAIRIE"

QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA EMPIRE
2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. 12.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
SHOWING TO-DAY

Walt Disney's
Stirring NEW True-Life Adventure Feature!
"THE VANISHING PRAIRIE"

QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA EMPIRE
2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. 12.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
SHOWING TO-DAY

**NEW YORKERS STARE...
AT THE SMILING
LEOPARD IN THE TAXI**

Were Mongols The First Inhabitants Of America?

Both the Venezuelan and Canadian-American teams suggested that the Diego Factor is Mongolian. So a theory has been born. Now science will investigate the blood of Mongolians and of more Indians and more Caucasians and Negroes. The facts so far are impressive. United Press.

The hey-day of the old free-for-all crocodile hunting in Northern Rhodesia is over, and according to the Northern Rhodesian Government would-be hunters who think that fortune are still to be made out of hunting, are well advised to stay at home.

In recent months crocodile hunters have left South Africa with each member contributing upwards of £100.

Their confidence was soon shaken when it was found that

not only were crocodiles scarce but that no person may hunt crocodiles by the usual commercial method of lights or burlap lamps at night.

"We are becoming concerned at the increasing number of persons who are arriving with the idea of easy money and strongly advise that prospective hunters be wary of advertisements and stories suggesting that hunting in Northern Rhodesia is a matter of little capital outlay and enormous returns."

Reuter's

The sudden break-up was to climax to one long series of studios and television rows, public and private tensions which he dragged out for the past year.

The final break-up came when singer Dean Martin, the team's straight man, failed to turn up for a publicity preview of their latest film "Pardners."

After wailing several hours, Lewis grew openly angry when he heard that partner Martin was stuck in sand bunkers calmly playing golf at nearby Beverly Hills Club. His comment: "We'll complete our existing contracts, but this definitely the finish."

A Really.

Canton.
Statistics compiled by the
Canton Catering Service Com-
pany show that the city's res-
taurants now provide 5,400
varieties of dishes and 800
varieties of desserts, reports the
New China News Agency.
For chicken alone, there are
210 recipes, and for duck 120
recipes.—China Mail Special.

Producer Marcello Damiani charged Montanelli was "obvious" bad faith in his report, which appeared last week in Italy's biggest newspaper, Corriere della Sera. He challenged him to prove his charges in court.

Montanelli said in the article that he attended a lunch during the shooting of the film "Peccato di Castità" (Chastity Sin) which technicians and actors

When the uproar died down, 12,000 children who failed were given a second chance with an easier test.

Bowl Report

birth to her 100th kitten. A cat expert said it was impossible for the cat to be so old. That age would be the equivalent of a 182 years old human, he said.

J. T. Beckley, of Gillingham, said his retriever, Becky gave artificial respiration to one of her pups which was born not breathing. He said the dog did it by taking the puppy's mouth in her mouth and breathing hard. —United Press.

Shaggy Puss

birth to her 100th kitten. A cat expert said it was impossible for the cat to be so old. That age would be the equivalent of a 182 years old human, he said.

J. T. Beckley, of Gillingham, said his retriever, Becky gave artificial respiration to one of her pups which was born not breathing. He said the dog did it by taking the puppy's mouth in her mouth and breathing hard. —United Press.

TOWER COURT
HYSAN AVENUE
**DUPLEX
APARTMENTS**
2 Rooms; 2½ Rooms;
3 Rooms; 4 Rooms
TO LET
Please apply
Atlas Realty Limited,
General Managers
Edinburgh House, 6th floor,
Tel. 26931.

Tel: 64505 & 63274

AUSTIN-you can depend on it

Sole Agents: **METRO CARS (H.K.) LTD**

121 King's Road, Hongkong. Tel. 71261.
122 Tai Po Road, Kowloon. Tel. 94781.

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



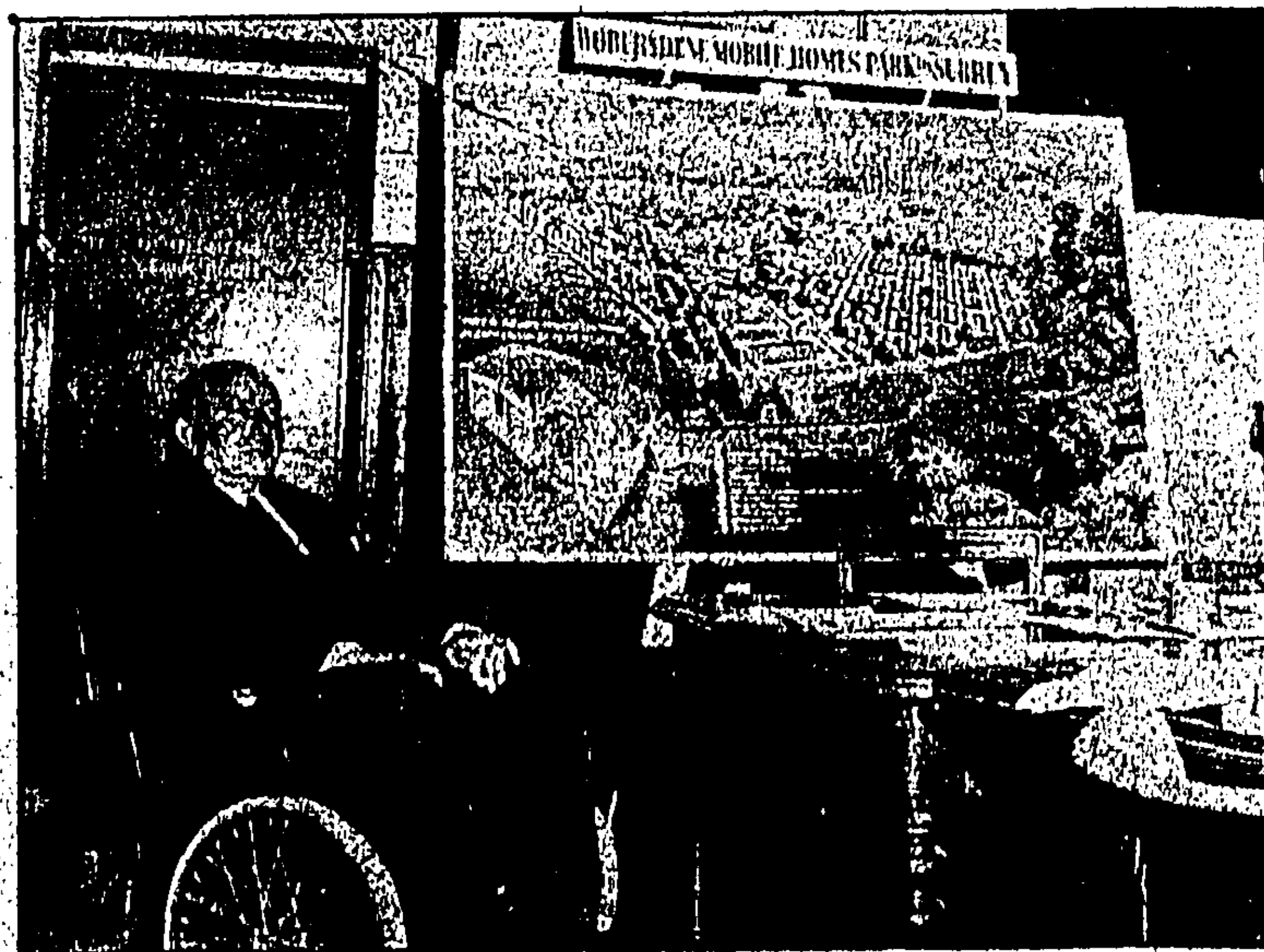
FAMILY gathering outside Buckingham Palace, London, after former England cricket captain, Sir Leonard Hutton, received the accolade of Knight Bachelor from Queen Elizabeth. With him are Lady Hutton and their sons, Richard, 13, and John, 10. Hutton said after the investiture: "I was very nervous ... like having to face Lindwall and Miller at opening bat." (Express)



GROUP Captain Peter Townsend, who is giving up his job as Air Attache at the British Embassy in Brussels to make a world tour in a Land Rover, is taking a course in running repairs at the Rover works at Solihull. He will call at Hong-kong on the trip. (Express)



THREE hundred children, many of whose parents are celebrities, performed in a matinee at London's Adelphi Theatre in aid of the League of Pity, junior section of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Some of the kiddies in the chorus line are snapped here. (Express)



RICHARD MANN, 51-year-old former test pilot, now physically paralysed, shown with a painting of a £40,000 luxury caravan site for 230 caravan homes he wants to build on 20 acres of ground he owns near Chertsey. Chertsey Council has rejected his plan, but he has appealed. He states many caravan dwellers in England live in slum-like squalor, and he wants to improve their lot. (Express)



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, daughter of the Duchess of Kent, pictured during a reception at the Albert Hall, London, where she watched more than 1,000 Boy Scouts and Girl Guides perform in a musical show. (Express)



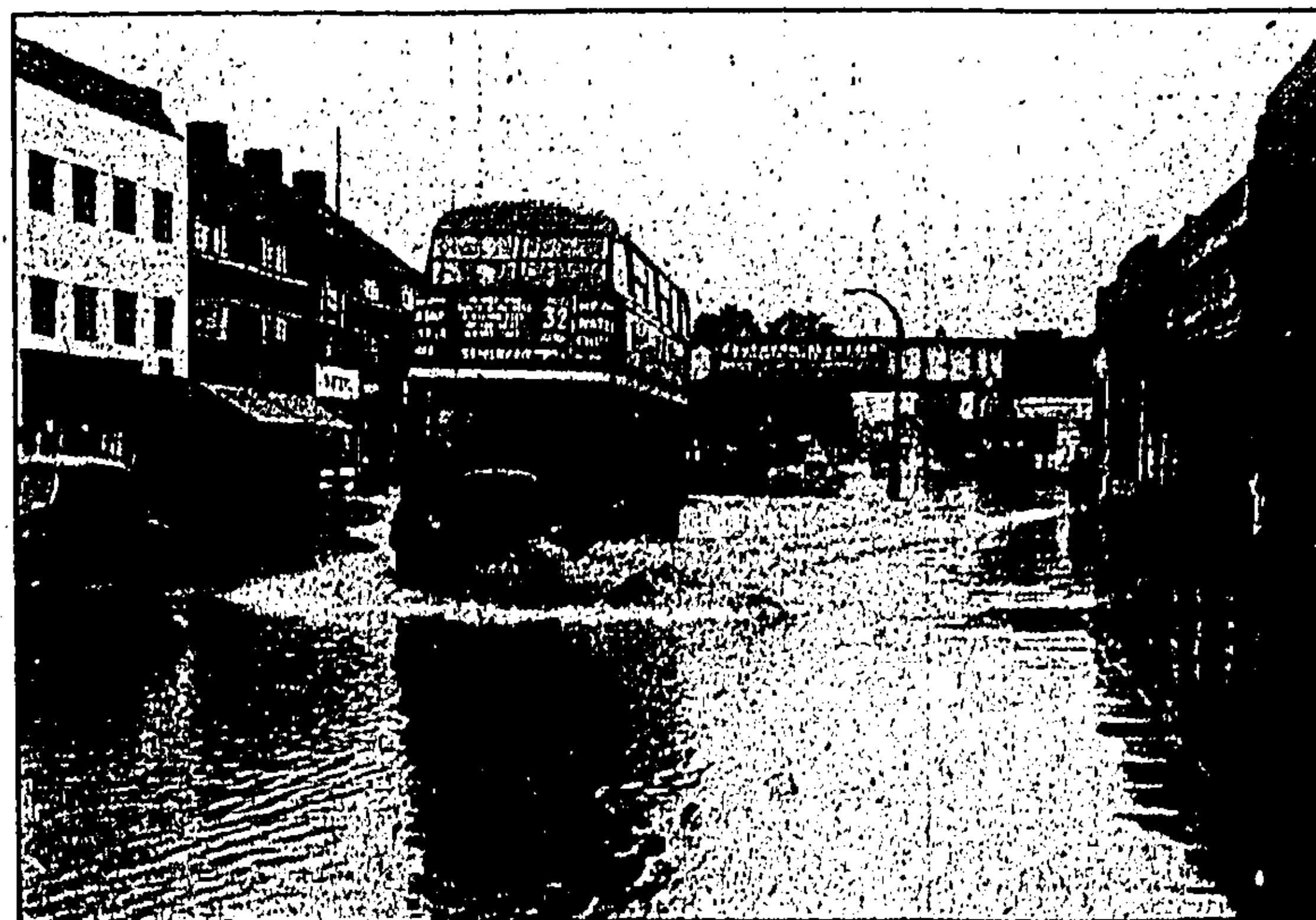
LEFT: At the London premiere of "Reach For The Sky," the film of the life of legless air ace, Group Captain Douglas Bader. Kenneth More, who plays Bader, is seen with Miss Beverly Brooks. (Express)



FORTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD author Eric Williams — he wrote the famous wartime escape story, "The Wooden Horse" — with his wife in London on the start of their 10,000-mile truck trip to the Soviet Union. Mrs Williams, 35, will be co-driver, cook, cameraman and secretary. (Express)



RUSSIAN girls link arms with London's Lord Mayor, Alderman Sir Cuthbert Ackroyd, during a visit of the Soviet Army Ensemble — currently performing in Britain — to the City's historic Mansion House. The Ensemble comprises eight girls and 200 Soviet Army entertainers. (Express)



SCENE along a flooded road near Wimbledon Chase after a thunderstorm which struck London and produced in one area a rainfall of 2.21 inches — the largest recorded there for more than 86 years. Traffic was disrupted, several houses were struck by lightning and hundreds of basements were flooded. (Express)



CRASH helmets, as in picture, are to be compulsory wear for British jockeys from September 1. This applies to jockeys on the flat; steeplechase jockeys have worn them for a number of years. The cap is made of several layers of stiffened linen, coated with varnish, and fits under the jockey skull cap. (Express)

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



ROWNTREES



LIVING IN A GOLDFISH BOWL

By Albert Stewart

HAVE you ever wondered what living in a goldfish bowl is like? Arthur Miller, the playwright, said being married to Marilyn Monroe was equal to the sensation. But Mr. Miller does not know the half of it! Right here in Hongkong there are people who have lived for months like that.

A bigger modern buildings are being put up in the Colony, spacious arcades with large show-windows of glass are the order. You must have stopped more than once while passing through Alexandra House arcade to admire the novel and imaginative interior decorations of some office... or to steal a glance at the pretty receptionist in another window, perhaps! But have you ever wondered how these people feel about being daily on display?

Two Types

THERE are two types of people who stop to gaze through the windows. The window shoppers are mostly genuine prospective buyers, who seriously study the goods displayed. On the other hand there are those who just look... at the pretty receptionists, that is.

People working in the arcade all hold one common view. They have to be very careful of their dress and behaviour all through the day. The men find it annoying not to be able to loosen their ties or roll up their shirt-sleeves. The girls say they have to be especially careful about the application of cosmetics and the contrast of colours with their dresses. They reckon that every minute of the day a pair of eyes is looking at them through the all too revealing plate glass.

A pretty receptionist in one big office confided that for the first two months she felt extremely self-conscious. But after that she gradually became accustomed to the sight of people stopping to look at the arrangement of goods displayed and at her. The bold and brave look straight at her, but the shy ones first study the goods and then dart a furtive glance in her direction, linger for a moment then walk on.

Revealing

A SHAPELY miss in a cheongsam said she always read when business was slack. Thus absorbed she was not conscious of the world passing by on the outside. But to her annoyance, every time she sat down to read more people seemed to stop in front of her window. She had the uneasy feeling that something was amiss. One day she found out what it was. She had the habit of crossing her legs when she read. She also had the habit of facing the show window, too. Realising that the cheongsam is revealing, she doesn't sit facing the window now.

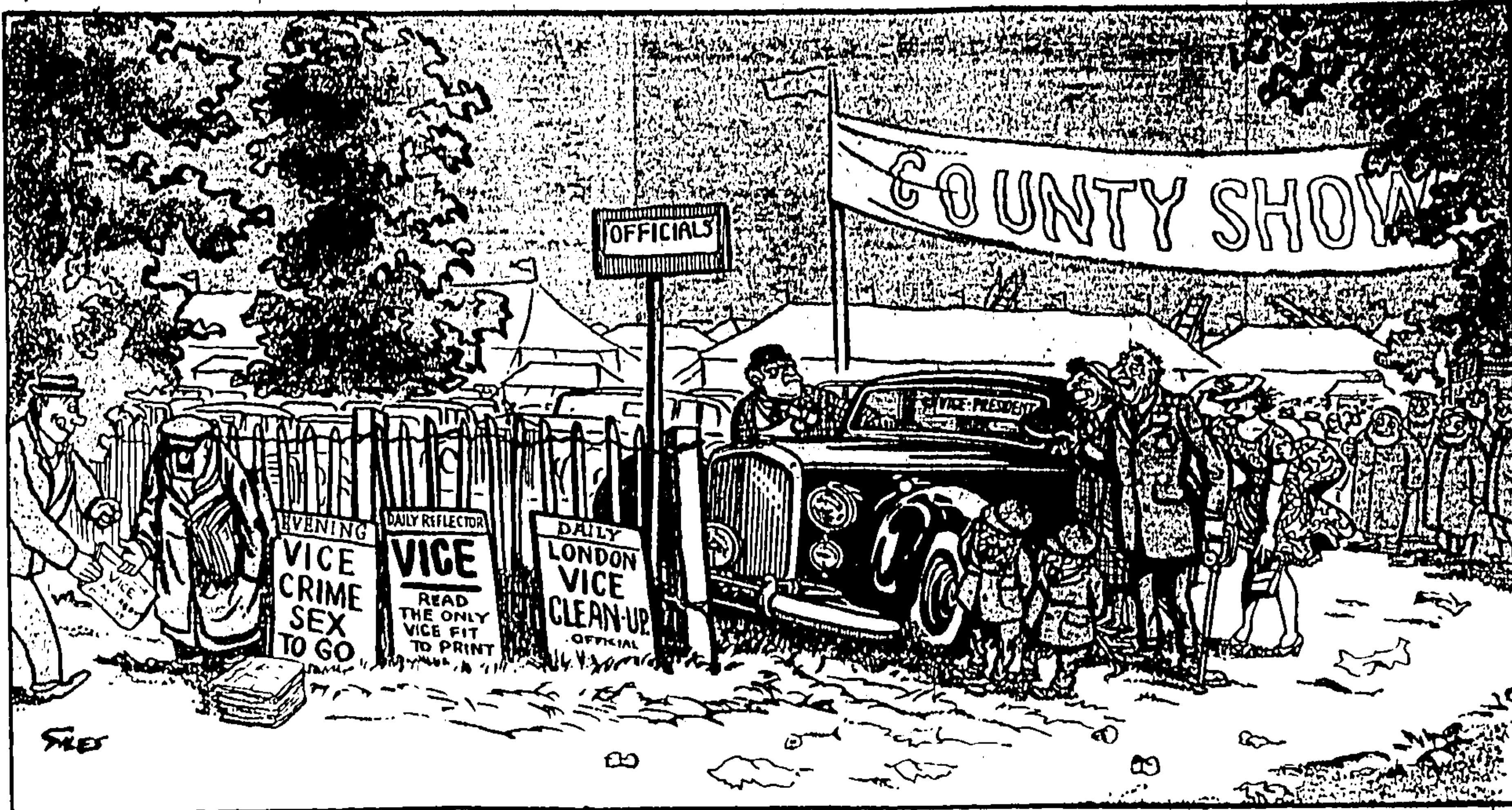
But such offices are not without advantages. Desks have to be kept neat and tidy at all times. The "fish" have to be alert, smart in appearance.

The plate glass works both ways. Whenever work is slow, those inside only have to look up from their desks for a diversion. They can smile smugly as they watch people rushing through the arcade on some business or other. Most of them seem very unimpressed. It amuses the "fish" that so many are late for appointments.

Greetings

THEY have also learned that each individual has his or her own manner of greeting an acquaintance. One observant gentleman told me that he has noted no fewer than 16 different ways by which a man may greet a friend. He has also noticed that everyone passing through the arcade never fails to look into the office. "A man may pass through the arcade several times a day, but each time he goes through he looks into one or the other of the offices."

So remember, the next time you laugh at your position in the bowl, he may be laughing at you too!



"I should take that off your windscreen, Harry."

JEANNE DE LAMOTTE USED A QUEEN OF FRANCE
AND A CARDINAL AS PAWNS IN A £64,000 SWINDLE

THE CASE OF THE BRANDED COUNTESS

ONE OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST
STORIES, TOLD BY FELIX BARKER

ON the very day that Jeanne de Lamotte arrived in London at the end of July, 1786, a printer offered a large sum for her memoirs. It was hardly surprising, for this lively, extremely attractive young woman from France had been the central figure of one of the most audacious frauds ever perpetrated, and her trial two months before had involved Marie Antoinette and a prelate of the Church.

Less than three weeks before she had started a life sentence in a Paris prison, but had escaped and made her way to England. On her back was to be seen the sign of her ordeal—the slowly-healing scar of the branding iron.

Jeanne de Lamotte was the talk of Europe, and she could only venture from her lodgings in the Haymarket after dark. "Every coffee house," she wrote, "was filled with persons eager to gratify their curiosity by seeing me."

BUT Jeanne de Lamotte at first refused the printer's offer. She saw that the threat of her memoirs might be as remunerative as the memoirs themselves. And she was quite right.

In the months to follow a number of people closely connected with the French court arrived to beg her to be discreet, and when she pleaded poverty, to offer her money to keep silent.

Jeanne accepted these bribes and then, the money spent, quite ruthlessly double-crossed her bribers. In January, 1789, her book appeared—each copy person a fully autographed Comtesse de Valois de la Motte. The guineas began to roll in to the office of Mr. J. Ridgway, printer of York Street, St. James's. Everyone wanted to read:



JEANNE DE LAMOTTE

Memoirs of the Countess de Valois de la Motte: containing complaint justification of her conduct and an explanation of the Intrigues and Artifices used against her by her enemies relative to THE DIAMOND NECKLACE

In the 167 years since those memoirs appeared Jeanne de Lamotte's story has been subjected to close scrutiny. She hardly emerges with honour, and our story of the great necklace fraud is based on wider and more objective research.

ONE of Jeanne's claims, however, can be accepted without question. She was, as she signed herself, a Valois—a descendant through an illegitimate line of Henry II of France.

She was of the blood royal, yet as children Jeanne and her younger sister were forced to beg. The whining plea—"Spare alms, in God's name, for two orphans of the blood of Valois"—one day aroused the curiosity of a passing noblewoman. She investigated the claim, and when she found it was true arranged for their upbringing at a convent.

But it was to be her natural blood, not the convent upbringing, which fashioned Jeanne's subsequent career. At 23 she escaped from the sisterhood, married a man named Nicolas de Lamotte, and styling herself Comtesse, went to live in Paris in 1781.

By then she was a striking-looking girl with a lovely figure, blue eyes and chestnut hair. From all accounts she had a bewitching smile, and she soon put it to full use.

SHE considered that a royal fortune should be hers by right, and in her determination to get to the court and position the Queen she pulled every possible string. She thought frequent loss of virtue a small price to pay for advancement. And, while using people to her own ends, she worked on the subtle conversational art of leading people to think they could use her.

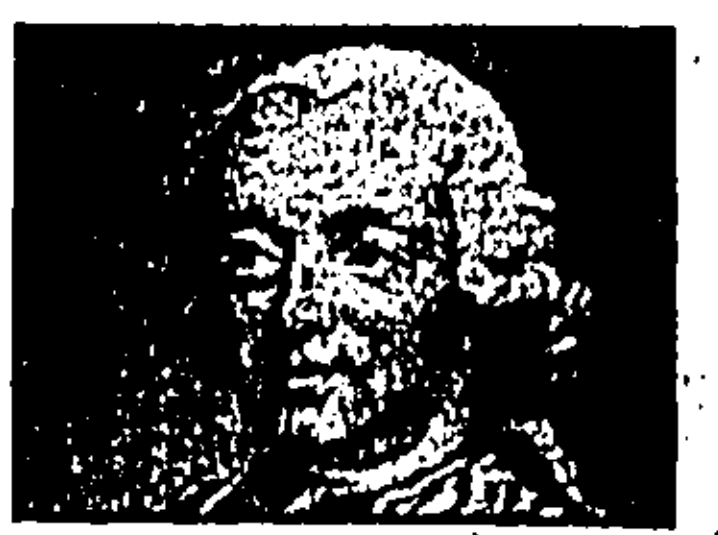
Her great name of Valois helped, and with borrowed money she gave the appearance of affluence.

With astonishing skill she built up a spurious picture of the confidence placed in her by Marie Antoinette. This fiction was invaluable with ambitious social climbers on the fringe of the court, but it was not until it deceived Cardinal de Rohan that the stage was set for her greatest coup.

The Cardinal, Bishop of Strasbourg and Grand Almoner of France, was a man of old family and great influence. Some years before, however, he had fallen out with the Queen and Marie Antoinette would not speak to him. The icy barrier between them was also the barrier to his dearest hope of becoming Premier of France.

Jeanne de Lamotte was quick to seize on this ambition. She had, almost as a matter of course, made the Cardinal (whose morals were most unclerical) her lover, and she offered to do everything to bring him into the Queen's favour. She offered to act as a go-between, and take his letters to the Queen.

To the Cardinal's obsequious letters there soon came replies hinting that he might hope for royal grace. He never



CARDINAL de ROHAN

Unsuspecting dupe, doubted that they were from the Queen.

But, in fact, they were forged, and it is one of the almost incredible features of this story that for a year there was an exchange of something like 200 letters without the Cardinal suspecting any trickery.

His credulity was to be pushed further. Gratified as he was by the letters, he was mystified that when he met Marie Antoinette face to face she did not show her change of heart by so much as a flicker of an eyelid. Suspicion was bound to grow, and Jeanne was being far too richly rewarded to allow any such risk.

Jeanne informed the Cardinal that while the Queen could not give any sign in public, she wished to meet him in private and had suggested a secret rendezvous. It was to be at night in the gardens of the royal palace at Versailles.

To help perform this panto-mime a nervous little modiste named Nicole was swept by the Lamottes into the role of intermediary. Under a wide-brimmed hat that hid her face she went to the prescribed spot. And to her horror, at August night came the Cardinal, who dropped on one knee to kiss the hem of her

With this she retired. The audience was over. The Cardinal was delighted, and soon the Queen (through the intermediary of Jeanne, of course) again showed her favour. As Jeanne explained it, Marie Antoinette was anxious to buy a necklace which had been made by the court jewellers. This fabulous work of art consisted of 579 diamonds and the price was £64,000.

THE trouble was that the Queen had to buy it without her husband's knowledge and this, Jeanne went on, was where the Cardinal was to be supremely honoured. He was to purchase it on her behalf. He should pay by instalments, and she, of course, would secretly pay him back.

The jewellers were summoned by the Cardinal and let into the confidence. They were only too pleased to let him have the necklace on the understanding that he would pay the first instalment in seven months' time. The Cardinal then saw it passed into the hands of a man in royal livery (who was in fact Jeanne's accomplice).

Within a few weeks Jeanne's husband in London and the diamonds from the necklace were being offered over the counters of jeweller's shops in Bond Street and Piccadilly. Breaking up the necklace meant a serious drop in value, but Lamotte was quite happy to bring £20,000 back to France.

The Lamottes were now able to live in the grand style of which Jeanne had always dreamed.

How long Jeanne imagined this fantastic fraud would remain undetected seems uncertain. Did she not realise that the bubble must burst when the first payment came due and no money was forthcoming from the Queen?

Perhaps she thought that when the Cardinal discovered she had been coaxed he would pay up to avoid the scandal; if so, she reckoned without an obvious danger—the thing which, in fact, happened. The jewellers, impatient for their money, applied directly to the Queen, and she demanded to know what necklace they were talking about.

"What necklace?" "What necklace?" WHY, stammered the jewellers, the necklace she had agreed to buy by proxy... the one the Cardinal de Rohan had acquired for her. With mounting anger Marie Antoinette heard them through; then the King was consulted and de Rohan required to appear and give a full explanation.

Pale, but still not suspecting the worst, the Cardinal said he had only done what she had asked through her dear friend, the Comtesse de Lamotte. "Friend?" echoed the Queen. She did not even know the woman. And by what insupportable presumption did he imagine that she would have dealings through him, a man so well known and not spoken of since the night of the Revolution? It must have been then, the Cardinal's words echoed,



MARIE ANTOINETTE

"What necklace?" around him, then that he realised that for 18 months he had been duped by a scheming adventuress.

He had little time for reflection. He was promptly arrested as a suspected accomplice in a plot to defraud the Queen. Three days later Jeanne was arrested and put in the Bastille. The trial in the following May was a sensation. The Palais de Justice was packed, and pamphleteers hawked incredible versions of the story in the streets of Paris. The judges reached their verdict in this bewildering case of lies and deceit only after 18 hours.

The Cardinal was absolved of all suspicion of complicity and acquitted. Nicolas de Lamotte, who had escaped and was tried in his absence, was committed to the galleys for life, and Jeanne, arch-planner of the whole fraud, was sentenced to be branded with a V (for voleuse or thief), to be flogged, and to be imprisoned for life. The flogging and branding were carried out with savage brutality but not the rest of the sentence. Her escape from the Salpêtrière prison was conveniently arranged almost certainly by anti-Monarchists, who calculated that once at liberty she might spread a story far more favourable to the Queen.

OF Jeanne de Lamotte's last year in London it is hard to find many details. What little is known is contradictory. Her Memoirs was finished poverty forced her to a second autobiography, and as in her first book, she accused Marie Antoinette of being a party to the necklace fraud as well as guilty of innumerable vices. She probably had high hopes that, as before, the royal family would try to buy her off.

It was while she was waiting in 1791 for publication (and the bribes which never came) that she died in very curious circumstances. To her lodgings just over Westminster Bridge, near Astley's Riding School, there came one day some sinister visitors. One account says they were bailiffs trying to collect a debt of £20, others that they were agents of the Duke of Orleans who wanted to kidnap her and take her back to France.

To escape these men Jeanne climbed from a window. The rotten wood of the sill collapsed under her and she fell to the ground half impaling herself on a tree stump. She survived only a few weeks.



but there's nothing like a

Carlsberg

EXCEPT OF COURSE
...another Carlsberg



NOW taste the Difference

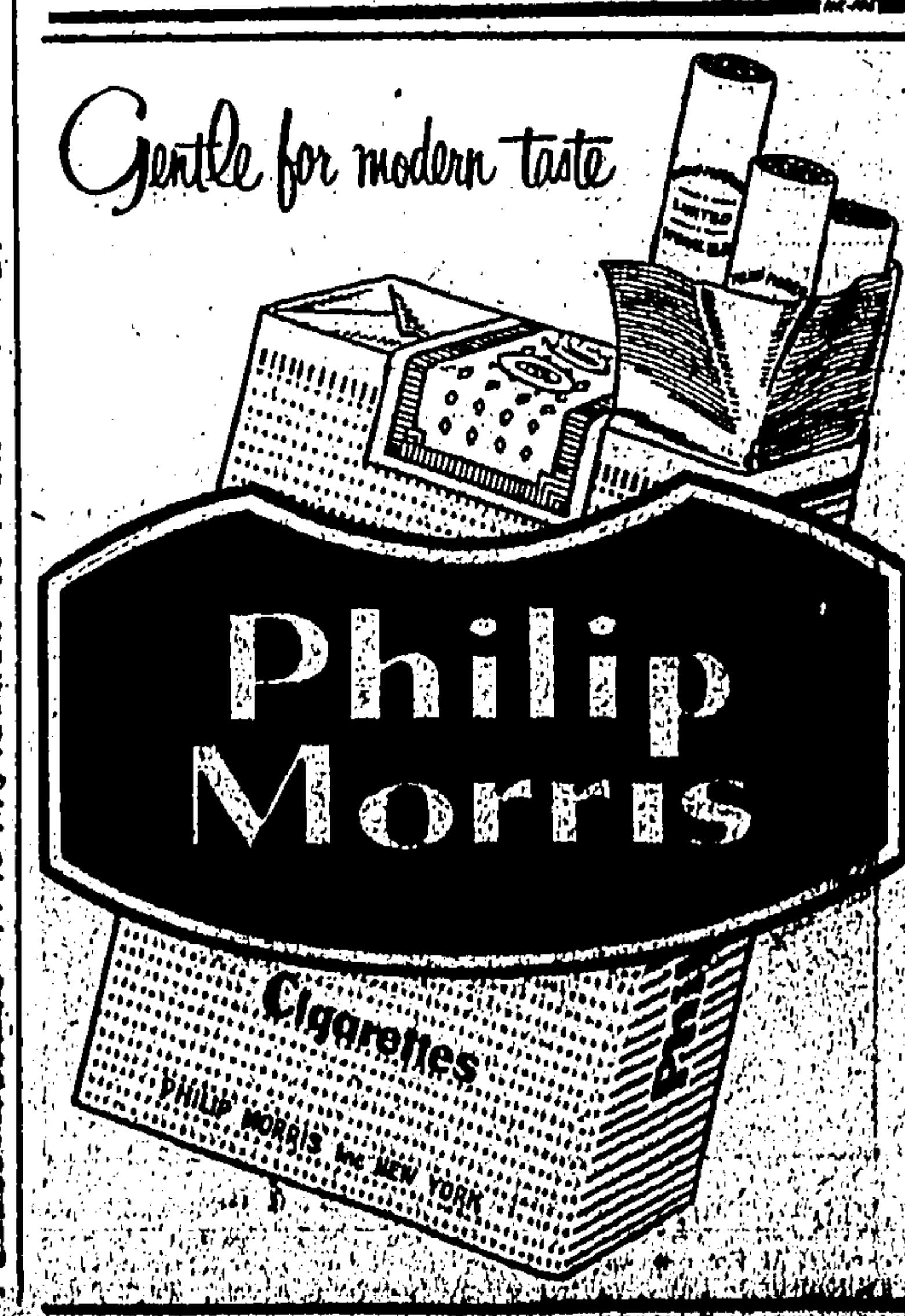
Sole Agents: THE EAST ASIATIC CO., LTD.



BANGKOK WEDNESDAYS, SATURDAYS	
SAIGON MONDAYS	
SINGAPORE TUESDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, SATURDAYS	
MANILA SUNDAYS, FRIDAYS	

BANGKOK MONDAYS	
BANGKOK FRIDAYS	
BANGKOK SATURDAYS	
MANILA WEDNESDAYS	
MANILA FRIDAYS	
MANILA SATURDAYS	

Calligraphy Pacific Airways Ltd.
11110 - 11111, call 11111, 11111
BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE (H.K.) LTD. and other agents



'I FEEL THE PULSE OF ANOTHER POZNAN'—SEFTON DELMER TALKS TO THE FREEDOM FLIERS

Manching, near Ingolstadt, West Germany.

I AM sitting in the guest bedroom of the best inn in this simple Bavarian village while two apparent ordinary young men named Kiss and Jakab are telling me the story behind that gun battle in an airplane cabin 10,000 feet up over the Danube frontier.

It is the most fantastic and melodramatic Iron Curtain escape I have ever listened to. And I am convinced—far and away the most important.

For this desperate escape of the seven Budapest students highlights the desperate situation in Hungary.

WHY THEY FLED

What I have been hearing from the two students and from other sources convinces me that Hungary is going through a crisis every bit as explosive as the one I found in Poznan.

Hungary has not yet had its Poznan; but, from what they tell me, it almost did last week—with the big Rakosi engineering works (named after Hungary's hated Communist dictator Rakosi) on Budapest's Csepel Island playing the role of the Zispa works at Poznan.

On Wednesday morning last week, after the night shift had come off, the workers assembled for their weekly production conference. A routine affair this, attended as a "must" by all workers and managerial personnel from the night shift.

But this time the conference was joined—apparently part of a prearranged plot—by the workers of the day shift as well.

Instead of going to their benches, they stormed into the conference hall. Even workers supposed to be on leave turned up.

They INSISTED that their 52-hour week was far too long. That their pay was far too small. They DEMANDED more pay for the overtime they did, more bonuses, and fewer deductions from their pay in the way of taxes, union dues, and other health and social subscriptions.

They CLAMORED for better food in the canteen, more producer goods in the shops, and lower prices.

The whole thing was an almost exact echo of the Poznan factory meeting which had preceded the march into the town.

And this demonstration was, I learn, just one of a whole series by which the Hungarians have been courageously protesting against their Communist Government.

Rakosi resigned on Wednesday; he admitted having made mistakes.

The chief method of protest is the rally of the Petofi Youth Club, an organization originally started by the "conciliatory" line of ex-Prime Minister Nagy. When Nagy was dismissed, Rakosi banned these Petofi Clubs. But now, since the Communist New Deal has come into force, the clubs have opened up again and with a flood of free speech unprecedented in Hungary.

At the latest meeting reported to me that of June 20—there were 400 inside the hall itself (the old "Officers' Casino" in Budapest) and 5,000 listening to the loudspeaker relay outside. That may well be the last meeting. For one speaker after another demanded the dismissal of the dictator Rakosi and the reinstatement of "soft" Prime Minister Nagy.

One man thunderously applauded, declared: "We don't want to model ourselves on Belgrade. We want for Hungary a political system made and thought out by Hungarians in our own country—a Nationalist appeal which has been echoed far and wide up and down the country."

But if Kiss and Jakab and the other escapees are at all typical of the youth of Hungary today—and I think they are—then they do not really care very much for the new "freedom."



THE PRICE OF FREEDOM
Polyak's knife-cut back

For us there is only one freedom today," says Kiss—"the freedom outside Hungary, the freedom in the West."

"In Hungary there is no future for fellows like ourselves. No matter how well we work, no prospect of a decent living under the Communist regime."

So while the workers of Csepel Island and the Communist intelligentsia of the internal opposition were plotting their superbly courageous demonstrations, the students conspired to escape.

HOW THEY FLED

"My first plan," said Kiss, "was to get myself sent to Egypt with one of the teams building bridges for the Egyptian Government. But the party turned me down because I am single. They only send men out who have families to leave behind as hostages."

He and a friend—the young pilot Polyak, formerly of the Hungarian Air Force—then hit on the great idea of the mid-air pirate coup.

The seven—they did not get together until a week before their departure unbeknown to each other under Polyak's leadership—bought tickets for Friday the 13th, a date which they prayed would be unlucky to the despots of Hungary. They had to pawn such few valuable as they had to scrape together enough money for the fare.

"We did not know who the other passengers were and which of them was the Secret Policeman. That is why we had to slug the lot."

It is no small pointer to the unpopularity of the Hungarian Government that among the Communist victims of the slugging in that plane two have chosen freedom in the West. (COPYRIGHT)

Are you going on leave? Do you plan a holiday in Paris? Some will tell you it will cost you a small fortune . . . don't believe it! Let Roderick Mann be your guide . . .

HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME—ALL FOR £25

Paris. The suggestion, it seemed, was almost indecent. "A week in Paris on £25" they shrieked. "You're MAD."

Said Noel Coward: "Quite insane, dear boy. Or do you plan to pitch tent in the Bois?"

Wired Eva Gabor: "Darling—that's the tab for two at Maxims. Without drinks, of course."

Said Norman Hartnell: "I suppose you'll spend the entire time in the subway?" Well, those are my richer friends, so I ignored them. Instead, I went to see Monique Lemarchand, who works in the French Tourist Office in Paris.

I found her looking at some travel posters. She peered at me over the top of one showing the Eiffel Tower taken from the base of a daffodil, washed me down with her eyes, and said:—

"You want posters?"

"Curiously enough," I said. "No, I want to spend a week's holiday in Paris for £25. People say it can't be done."

★ ★ ★

She dropped the Eiffel Tower in a heap on the floor.

"Of course it can," she said, flustered. "I felt sure she must soon become airborne. 'You need only enterprise . . . and our booklet.'"

She vanished into a giant cupboard, reappeared moments later brandishing a small book.

"The booklet," she said. "Bonnie chance."

After that I promise you I never looked back—except to watch Monique picking up the Eiffel Tower.

For that booklet listed scores of medium-priced hotels in all sections of Paris—hotels where you can stay for 400 francs a night upwards.

You can get it by writing or calling at the French Tourist Office at the Avenue



ESTHER WILLIAMS: Just a lily pond.

A DRY FUTURE FOR ESTHER

WANTED: a butler for the home of Mr Ben Gage and Williams.

He should be fairly good at butling—but he need not be able to swim. And he will never be asked to serve dinner in the pool. (It has happened in the homes of some Hollywood stars).

For their stay in London with their three children the Gages have rented a large house in St John's Wood, owned by the late Sir Oswald Birley, the artist.

When I visited them a few nights ago they had just been interviewing an applicant for the post of butler who had turned them down politely—but firmly.

"I think," said Miss Williams, "that Ben scared him. Didn't you, father?"

"Yeah, I guess he thought I was too big. Brushing down my suits would've exhausted him."

Their slogan

Mr Gage is 6ft. 6ins. tall and built in elephantine proportion.

He was once a radio announcer but he now devotes himself exclusively to the enterprises which have ripped from his wife's dive into films.

"The slogan," said Big Ben, "is 'A Swimming Pool in Every Back Yard.'"

"We market the cheapest pool in America," added Miss Williams. "About 2,000 dollars complete."

"We've been wondering if we could market the pools over here in your country. What d'you think?"



"Buster," I said. "I saw the same show—from the bar. It cost me 1,150."

That goes for so much of the entertainment in Paris. You don't HAVE to sit down at a table and swig champagne. Franchise saying "Non" in front of a mirror, then walk in purposely and head straight for the bar.

My hotel—courtesy of Monique Lemarchand—is in the Rue de la Huchette, the alley off the Boulevard St. Michel made famous in Elliot Paul's *Narrow Street*.

I pay 840 francs a night for a room and a bath. And I count myself lucky, for this is a wonderful street to stay in—barely 100 yards long yet heavily laced with atmosphere.

It has two night-clubs, four bistros, one theatre, and a jazz cellar. A unique street: a street in which to live a life.

★ ★ ★

And there are others like it. Not so colourful, perhaps, but just as fascinating. Get your booklet and seek them out for yourself—for isn't that half the fun of a holiday?

Well, I have finished my week with 155 francs left over from £25.

And that, I insist, calls for a celebration.

But wait a minute . . . I've just had a ghastly thought.

You know something? I've forgotten to send any post-cards. . . (COPYRIGHT)

London. I wanted to know how much a pool for my back yard would cost.

"I guess it would work out about 600 of your pounds."

I didn't place an order. And I told them not to expect any subsidies even from a Tory Government.

Sir Oswald Birley's widow, who has rented the house to the Gages, will be happy to

know that they have no intention of installing a pool in the back yard.

They are content with the small lily pond. It was dry when they arrived but they have filled it with a few inches of water.

"It's a bit tiny for me," said Miss Williams. "but the kids like to splash about in it."

She pointed out to the pond through the french windows and discussed the idea, with her press agent, of filling it with champagne for a party they're throwing next week.

I accepted a brandy and soda and forgot to warn Miss Williams, and her press agent, that any gate-crashing debutantes and their chaperons would inevitably drown themselves in a champagne pond.

We were sitting in the huge studio lounge. On every wall hung Birley portraits, mainly of deceased kings.

They gazed down with regal dignity while Miss Williams picked a bathing cap and a scrap of bathing suit material from the table.

She put on thickish spectacles to examine the material ("I'm very short-sighted") and stretched it round her sharply pumaceous torso.

"Gee it's wonderful stuff. It clings."

I could have sworn that one of the kings lifted a shocked eyebrow.

"We're having all the costumes for the show made here in London. But we've brought our own tank."

The show is the Aqua-Spectacle of 1956 opening in London at the end of this month and starring Miss Williams, of course.

It is unlikely, she told me, that we will be seeing any more of her swimming on the screen.

"I'm definitely going to go dry. About time too."

"I was beginning to grow fies."

Unlike most successful actresses Miss Williams doesn't take herself too seriously and she can pull her own crawls—stoking leg. She knows her own limitations too. She will not be essaying Shakespeare. (An undrownable Ophelia would be disastrous.)

Mixed up

"I just want to show I can do something different. For the privilege I've lost nearly a million dollars getting out of my old movie contract."

"I've just made my first dry movie, *The Unguarded Moment*."

"I play a wholesome school-teacher who gets mixed up with a psychopathic pupil," said Miss Williams. "I've had ever been mixed up with psychologists in her private life in the Hollywood fashion."

"I've never been psycho-analysed. But I didn't have to. My mother's a psychologist. I've been brought up the right way."

Which could explain why Miss Williams, now in her early thirties, is well-adjusted, once-married Hollywood citizen, who has never been mixed up in any of those local scandals.

But she did suggest herself with pre-emptive twinkles in her greyish, spectacled eyes—it could be because she's never been caught.

P.S.—Any out-of-work actors who are interested in the butler's job should apply direct to Miss Williams and husband, not to me. (COPYRIGHT)

ADOLF GAVE SISTER PAULA £250 GIFTS, BUT SHE'S POOR NOW

From PETER DACRE

Berchtesgaden. In this mountain resort where Adolf Hitler once lorded it in his luxurious chalet and dreamed of conquering the world, his sister has this week been given notice to quit her home—a £1-a-week room in a squalid block of flats.

She calls herself Paula Wolf, a name Hitler used in his early political days, to avoid the limelight. For three years she has lived in near-poverty. Outside, barefooted children, play, and washing hangs from the balconies.

MUST LEAVE

Today Frau Wolf—who is not married, but in Germany she can call herself "Mrs"—told me: "I have to leave by the end of the month. My landlord thinks that I will not be able to pay the rent."

She sighed as she remembered: "My brother Adolf used to give me an allowance of £40 a month and £250 every Christmas."

Frau Wolf, only survivor of the family, hoped to inherit some of Hitler's vast fortune.

Recently it was announced that his estate will be confiscated. She will not get a penny.

But, she said: "I still have a little money. Friends in Austria help me."

One of Frau Wolf's friends took me to see her. "It would be nice if you could take some chocolates," she said. "She can't afford any luxuries."

When we arrived I was asked to wait. "She wants to tidy up the room," explained the friend.

Paula Wolf accepted the chocolates readily. "I don't see such things often," she said.

The floor was bare.

In the room a bed, a huge wardrobe, and a glass cabinet containing a picture of her mother—the only photograph of the family I have—were crammed along one wall.

On the other side was a tiny stove, a table with water jug and wash basin, and a gas-ring. Inconspicuously, on the table was a modern portable type-

writer. Like most other Nazi relatives, Frau Wolf is writing her memoirs.

At 60, she is small, grey-haired and grandmotherly. Her voice has none of Hitler's rankling tones.

But she reminisces about him through a rosy haze.

ROSY HAZE

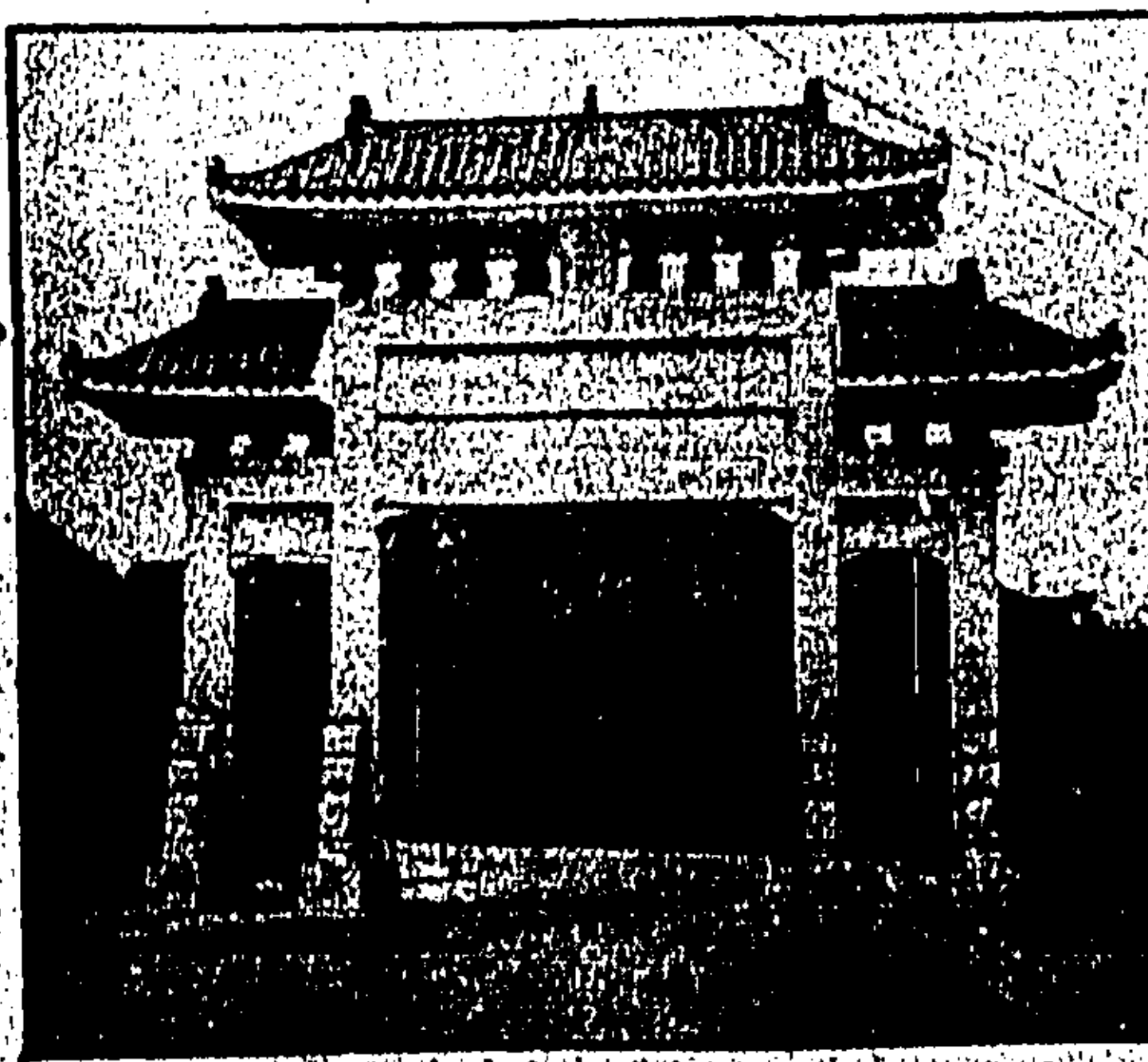
"He was kind to me when father died," she said. "He took me to my first opera—'Lohengrin'. But he made me sick at my studies."

She recalled: "When we were children he would tell me that if anyone was unkind to me he would protect me. Once I told him that a boy had called me names. He took me back to school to find the boy."

Did she ever think her brother would become Fuehrer?

Frau Wolf smiled. "No," she said. "But he was always a man who knew what he wanted."

And she could not hide this note of pride in her voice. (COPYRIGHT)



KNOW YOUR HONGKONG? This handsome palace has been awarded as the approach to one of our new model suburban settlements. Can you tell where it is? (Answer: Page 50)

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



ANNIGONI—PAINTER OF THE QUEEN.....

Unknown for 20 years
he suddenly
catapults to fame....
a story that
glitters....beginning today

By David Wynne-Morgan



FOR 20 years Pietro Annigoni was an unknown artist. Now he is the most sought-after portrait painter in London, with commissions worth £600,000 waiting to be done. One portrait lifted him to fame...his remarkable portrait of the Queen.

This was success as no other artist has known in this century. Overnight Annigoni became a world-famous celebrity.

In less than 24 hours he had completely captured the public imagination.

For more than five years he had been well known in art circles in London, he

had held successful exhibitions in Bond Street, his portraits in the Royal Academy exhibitions had been praised by the critics, but this was something completely different.

He had brought art to the breakfast table. For one morning politics, the world situation, the crime wave, the latest film romance were forgotten. Instead his painting was on the front page of almost every newspaper in Britain.

No man has remained so unmoved by success. He eats in the same restaurants, he mixes with the same people, and he still bicycles the three miles from his semi-detached villa on

the outskirts of Florence to his studio in the Borgo d'Albizi.

When he returned to Florence I drove him to the station in a 23-year-old nine horse-power Riley that was once a saloon. He had to crank it to start.

Once back in his native Italy he decided not to return for the opening of the Royal Academy. He told me "I was so overwhelmed by the reception the portrait had already received

visit to the exhibition at such a tense and dramatic time."

On the day of the opening, he tried hard to pretend he had almost forgotten it. He did not mention it to his wife as he mounted his bicycle and pedalled to the studio. He said nothing to his three excited students Luciano Guarnieri, Duggie Anderson, and Suzzie Roboz. But he was obviously on edge.

He did not relax until, late in the afternoon, a telegram was delivered from one of his closest friends. "Pietro," it read, "this was your day. I was so proud for you."

heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth." "I was excited in pencil and nervously underlined. Scrawled at the bottom were the words: "Graven images. If you do not stop now, prepare to meet your end."

In Florence, Annigoni had always spent most of his life among a tight circle of his intimate friends, and the most disturbing price of fame was the intrusion on his privacy.

His studio became one of the tourist attractions of the city and flocks of people he had never seen before began to walk in as if it was their right.

In the end he compromised. He locked the outside door all day and would admit no one under any circumstances except between noon and 1 p.m., when he kept open house.

His action was precipitated by a blonde American, one of the richest women in the United States, who walked in one afternoon and said: "Mr Annigoni?" He nodded. "I have decided," she went on, "that you are going to paint my portrait."

A little shaken, Annigoni replied: "I am afraid that will be impossible at the moment as I am very busy on other work."

She would not take no for an answer. "You had better do it now because I do not intend staying in Florence very long," she said, brushing his opposition aside with the charm of a bulldozer. "If you do not I shall go to Salvador Dali."

The taunt was too much. Annigoni leaped up, threw open the door, and said: "Madam, you can go to the devil as far as I am concerned."

It was this complete freedom he now had to paint anything he wanted he measured most of all. In the end he refused even to talk to people on the telephone at his studio. One morning he told a woman who telephoned to ask him to paint her that he was too busy to accept any commissions. He rang off without asking her name. It was only several days later that he realised from a



ANNIGONI'S
PORTRAIT
OF THE
QUEEN

story in the Italian papers that it was Gina Lollobrigida.

When, at last, he did return to England, he was inundated with requests from famous people to paint their portraits. Among those he refused were Sir William Haley, the former director of the BBC, and Lady Derby, the beautiful wife of Lord Derby, who was nearly killed by one of her footmen two years ago. He just did not want to paint any more society portraits.

Instead he held a cocktail party for all those who had asked him. As tactfully as possible they were told he was just too busy. Commissions worth thousands of pounds were turned down.

It is typical of him, and an example of his fanatical loyalty to his friends, that he insisted on doing a portrait of me and giving it to me as a mark of his friendship.

It was during one of the three two-hour sittings for this that he told me: "I do not want to do another portrait at the moment. I want to try something much more ambitious."

It took Margot Fonteyn, Britain's prima ballerina, to change his mind.

(COPYRIGHT)

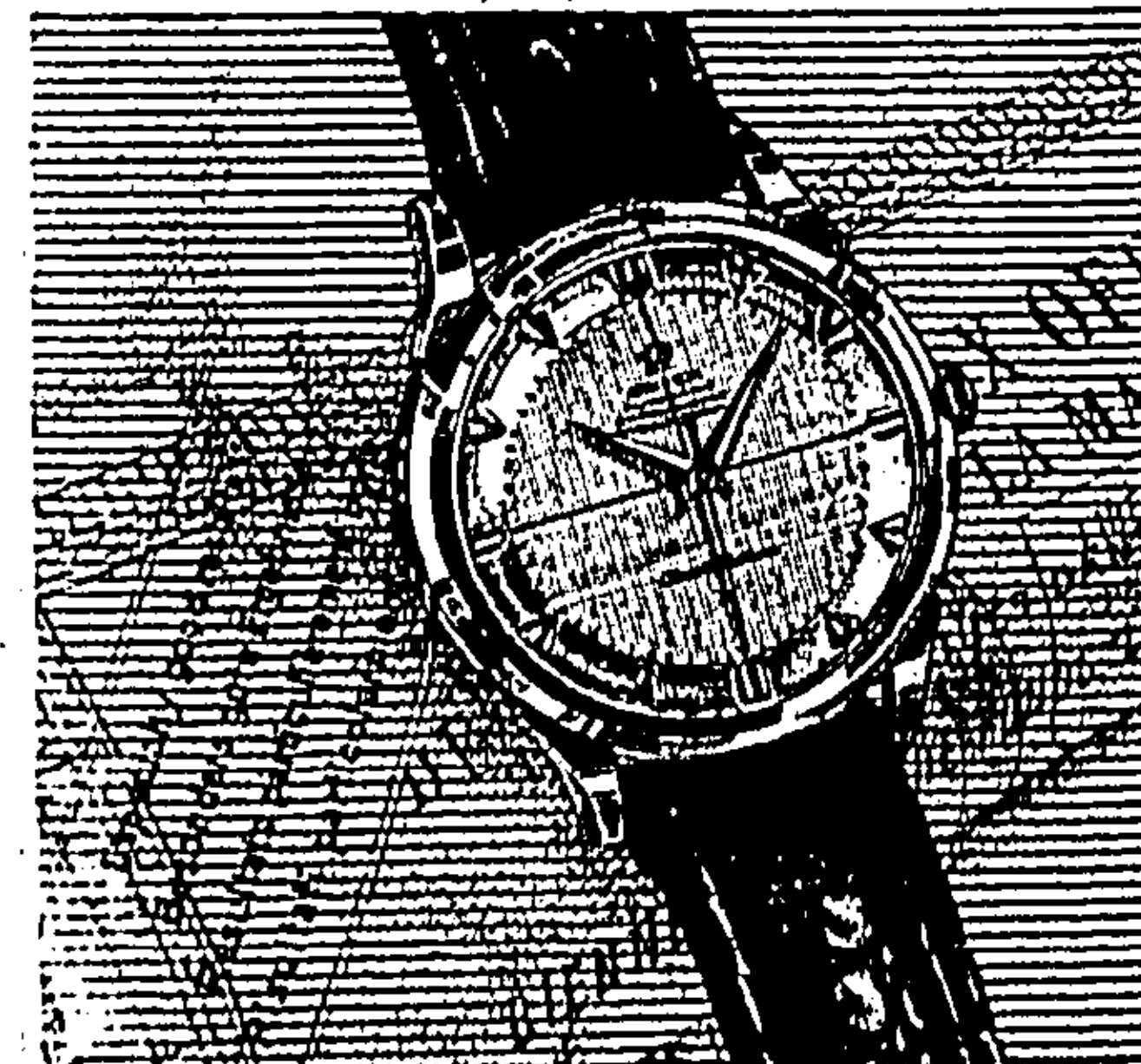
NEXT SATURDAY:
A General Walks Out
On His Portrait

What this new
self-winding chronometer
means to you...

A chronometer is a "super watch"

It has been specially made, specially adjusted, and has passed stringent government tests for accuracy. Every Swiss chronometer is sold with an Official Rating Certificate showing just how it performed in these government tests. Particularly good chronometers are awarded a distinctive notation: "especially good results" printed on this certificate.

Before you buy a chronometer, look to see whether it is officially certified with "especially good results." Every Omega Constellation is Automatic, waterproof, shock-protected, antimagnetic.



You'll know the Omega Constellation by the observation engraved on the back of the case—your guarantee of an "especially good chronometer."

OMEGA Constellation

The watch the world has learned to trust
Société Suisse Pour l'Industrie Horlogère S.A. Geneva, Switzerland

Sole Agents: OMTIS LTD.

OMEGA ★ *Master*

110 Gloucester Building

William Hickey

—reports the New Social
Register in which a Tramp
is as good as a Baronet

EGAD SIR! I'm cock-a-hoop this morning! Socially, I'm right in the top drawer—with the highest in the land.

It cost me just £1 10s. to find my snob value—£1 10s. to H.M. Stationery Office for the General Register Office's new book listing thousands of occupations and their places in society.

And there I am in Class I, the first of five main social classes: authors, journalists, and editors.

From now on people such as Sir Albert Richardson, President of the Royal Academy, Mr Robert Birley, head master of Eton, impresario Jack Hylton, the chief constables and superintendents of police, and all the station masters can tip their hats to me.

They are my social inferiors. Painters, sculptors, head masters, impresarios, the police chiefs, etc., come into Class II—with stewards, moneylenders, pawnbrokers—and M.P.s.

Alas for the actors, musicians, ballet dancers, cricketers, photographers, and jockeys!

I'm not sure I ought to know them at all. They are frightfully infra dig.—Class III with the waiters, stable lads, kennel men, chimney sweeps, crane drivers, oilers, and greasers.

And I shall have to get my secretary to speak to Sir Laurence Olivier, Dame Edith Evans, Sir Malcolm Sargent, Dame Margot Fonteyn, Sir Leo Hutton, Court photographer Baron, and Sir Gordon Richards in future.

WHO TO TIP YOUR HAT TO

Last comes a special section, X category—"other persons—no gainful occupation stated."

They include baronets, business speculators, equestrians, gentlemen-in-waiting, gipsies, ladies-in-waiting, paupers, peers, sheriffs, tramps and vagrants.

One of the principals of the Census Office, Mr W. J. V. Littlewood ("Don't use my Christian names, please") told me: "The social classification is the work of various departments here sitting down and thinking hard. It is cold-blooded—without any bias whatever."

And what do the social class III knights think?

Sir Ralph Richardson hooted with laughter. "The census people might be right because there are an awful lot of waitresses in our profession!"

Sir Gordon Richards let out a yelp of glee: "I don't mind being stuck among the waitresses and stable lads—I started at the bottom of the ladder." Len Hutton wanted to know whether gardeners were included in his own class III: "Batmen sometimes do a bit of gardening on the pitch." For the record, gardeners are Len's inferiors—Class IV.

STAYING YOUTHFUL

I TOLD Madam Rose Laird, 78-year-old American beauty, that I had never seen old women in America.

"American women have to keep fighting to keep their

men," she explained, "because all the women over there make themselves so attractive."

Madam Laird demonstrated precisely what I meant about American youthfulness.

What was her secret? "I'm interested in life," she said brightly, "and I'm always busy—I have flown more than 250,000 miles inside America since the war."

Her advice to the elderly? "When you shop, don't go to the old ladies' department—go to the section for teenagers."

SO SECRET

BILLY Rose, America's master showman, is about to start a secret mission behind the Iron Curtain.

"The motives behind my visit cannot be discussed," said the five-foot three-inch Rose, oozing with mystery. "Let's say I want to see what showbiz is like out there."

Secret filled the room. "It's some cheap stuff I buy," he said. "I like it too," said blonde Mrs Rose, formerly Joyce Matthews, ex-wife of comedian Milton Berle.

"Yeah," said Rose, who has pulled himself up from the slums of New York, where he was born, into the millionaire category—"well, be visiting Moscow, Leningrad, Warsaw, Prague, Zagreb, and has had to say about the

"But in London I'm on vacation seeing new shows and old friends. I also want to see Virginia McKenna, Jacqueline Ellis, and Mary Ure about a new play I am putting on in New York."

Billy, now 56, and wearing his usual swollen nightclub-green complexion, put his arm gently around his 36-year-old wife's shoulders.

"We are also going to buy some furniture for our town house. Good furniture is an English invention."

He added: "You know, I'm not working as hard as I used to. I found myself taking a short cut to an ulcer and slowed down."

I wonder what Mr Rose was like before he slowed down.

SCOTSMEN—BY A SCOT

AUTHOR James Kennaway's first novel about life with a Highland regiment in peace time, "Tunes of Glory," is not being dramatised for radio in Scotland.

Official reason: It might not help the recruiting campaign over the border.

I could understand why after talking to 27-year-old Kennaway, born in Auchtermuchty, near Perth, he turned to a subaltern with the Cameron Highlanders, and well-they just turned round and hooted with laughter. So did we all.

"They are their own worst enemies due to an inbred inferiority complex. That is why their manner is so often bullying. They are on the defensive all the time."

"It is that attitude which puts off English people. And when they have had a drop too much they put off a lot more. Their great hearts beat in such a bearish exterior—rather like Russians."

"I can never understand why the Scots and English have never got down to finding out more about each other. I suspect that's the Scotsman's fault."

Remember, Scotsmen, that was a Scot talking—not William Hickey.

FAUX PAS

A STORY about two duchesses is amusing London society. It happened at an exhibition by the National Jewellery Association in the Cafe Royal.

The Duchess of Marlborough went down to the front door to receive the Duchess of Gloucester, who was to inspect the jewels.

They returned upstairs. Along a corridor they were deep in conversation. At the end they turned left, instead of right.

Cries of "Your grace, your grace" came from the official to receive the duchesses—all engrossed—had turned to see the duchesses.

Said one of the officials: "They took it awfully badly. They just turned round and hooted with laughter. So did we all."

A Million Deal



For Diana Dors

From
Christopher Dobson

New York. DIANA DORS has hit the jackpot of Hollywood dollars. She is about to complete a deal with R.F.O. which, she claims, will give her \$3,000,000 in the next five years.

That works out at \$1,071,430, or \$214,286 a year. Hollywood contract figures are notoriously fantastic. But...

The deal is through, except for the final approval of R.K.O.'s directors. Says Diana's husband, Dennis Hamilton: "I'm biting my fingernails."

This deal is yet another example of Diana's astute business brain. R.K.O., who brought her to Hollywood to make one film, were so impressed that they offered her a contract that called for one picture a year for three years, and then an option on two more.

ONE A YEAR

To their astonishment, Diana turned it down. "We don't believe in options," she said, and instead she demanded a contract which stipulated a picture a year for five years. And R.K.O. are on the point of agreeing.

She will get \$650,000 for the five films, and \$1,000 dollars a week expenses while filming.

[DAVID LEWIN writes: It is standard practice to include a clause which can suspend an agreement at the end of any year. So if the contract dropped after one year, Miss Dors would get one-fifth of the \$2,321,430 plus her expenses.]

But that is only part of the picture. Diana and Dennis plan to form their own production company — just like Marilyn Monroe — to make their own films.

So we may yet see Diana Dors employing Sir Laurence Olivier. "All this should bring us in about \$3,000,000 in the next five years," Dennis told me, "and that's not an inflated figure."

IN ENGLAND

In keeping with her new status as a Hollywood big-money earner, Diana has bought one of the most expensive houses in the country — a short lease on Marlborough House, where they are now living. The new house has two swimming pools.

The price: \$400,000 (£142,857). They insist that they are not going to settle down in Hollywood, they are going to keep their house in England and live there while film-making in England between Hollywood commitments.

(COPYRIGHT)

POCKET CARTOON

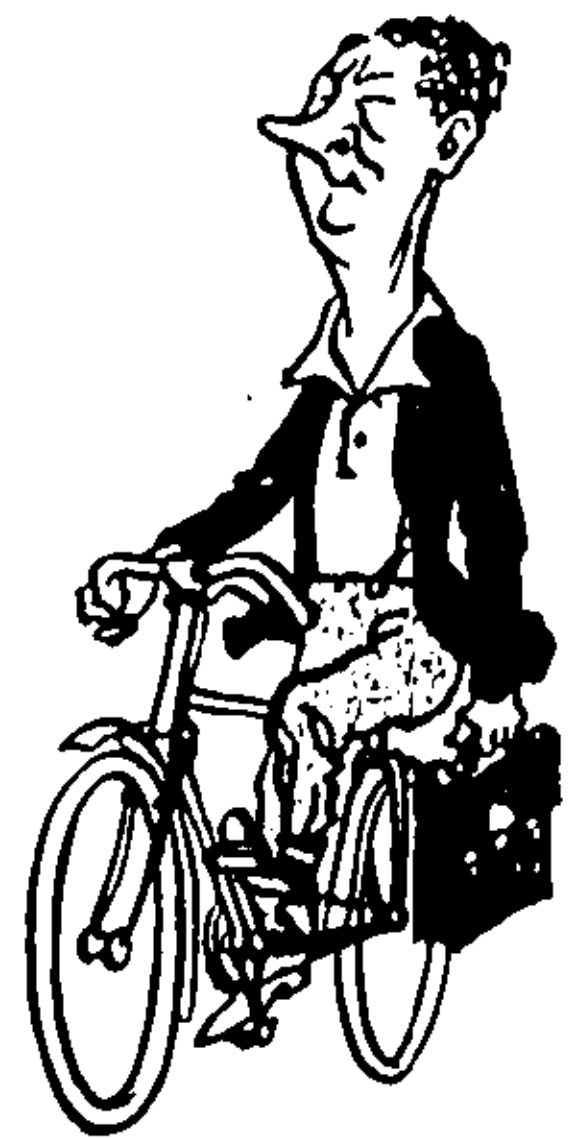
by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Duncan Sands is right! If only we can get rid of those beastly, hoarding, we shall have an uninterrupted view of two stars, a new studio, and the Grid!"

'Towards Equality'

A PREVIEW OF LIFE IF THE SOCIALISTS GET BACK BY CUMMINGS



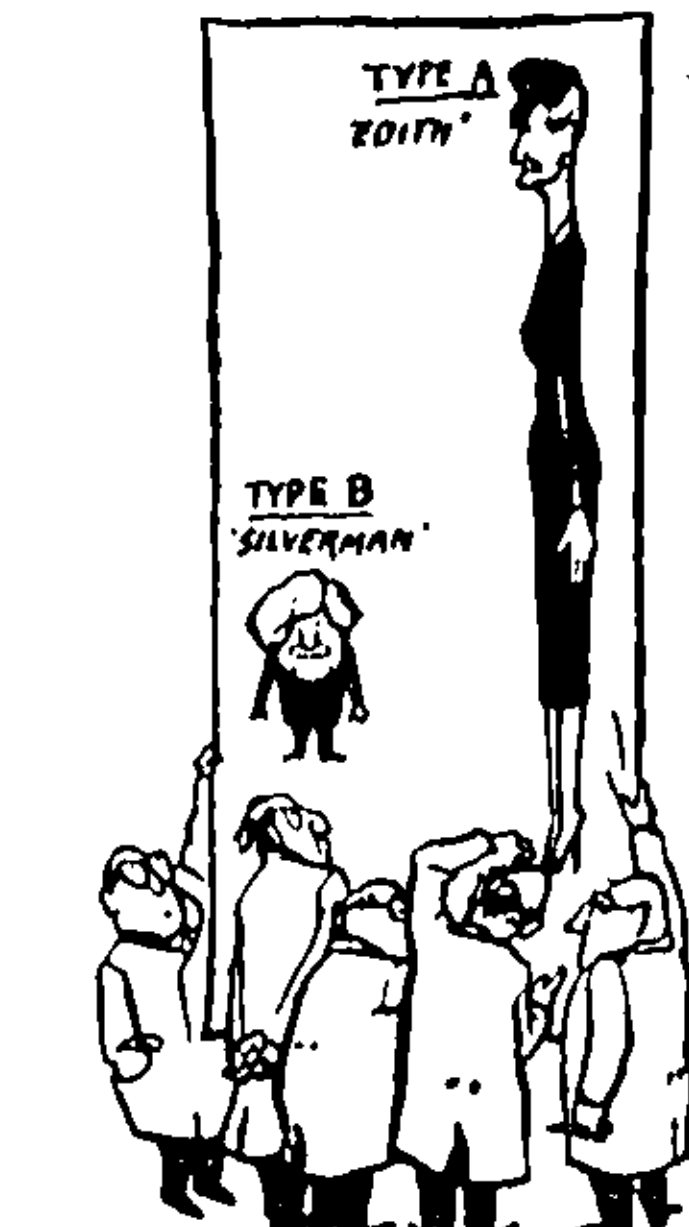
Prime Minister travels to Downing-street. (NOTE: Old Wykehamist tie discarded.)



Brigade of Guards mounts duty outside the new palace of her Majesty.



Mr. Bevan permanently gags himself—to stop those flowers of speech that make him seem more equal than others.



A study group appointed to evolve a "common man"!



The Duke of Edinburgh allowed an official car (which he maintains himself).



Meanwhile the proletariat police arrest the last bastion of privilege.

THE DEBS TAME THE HACKNEY TEDDY BOYS

By ANNE SHARPLEY

London. TRIM in sleeveless cotton blouses and tight black skirts the slim young girls of Hackney were spinning in the dedicated trance of expert jivers. Their partners, wearing deep soft soles to their shoes and various interesting forms of tailoring, spun them round and round like brightly-coloured tops.

"They do dance terribly well, don't they! Much better than we do at our dances," observed a girl whose round and radiant pinkness more surely proclaimed her as an English debutante than the expensive dark suit and "real" rings, bangles and brooches that she was wearing.

Across the room another girl, unmistakably "deb" in her well-bred, well-fed way, was talking to a polite but bewildered young man with a Tony Curtis haircut.

THEIR PICK

In social opportunity a grey brick building in the East End equals anything offered in the West End.

There, on the right evening the Teddy and near-Teddy boys can take their pick of names with handles, hyphens, honourables and the very best connections.

If he really gets his courage up a Teddy Boy could find himself living with a pretty cousin of the Queen, Miss DAVINA BOWEN.

Lyon. Or the daughter of a Duke, Lady Moyra Hamilton. Or Miss Sheran Cazalet at whose coming-out dance Princess Margaret was present. Or Miss Susan Kennedy whose father, Major-General Sir John, was Governor of Southern Rhodesia. Or Miss Fiona Haynes, whose accents are of Sherborne, one of the costlier public schools.

But in Pedro Street, Hackney, these names cut less ice than it takes to make a good martini. They are simply on the Management Committee.

SECOND WIND

Pedro Street Settlement, which was launched by the upper set in 1928 on the proceeds of a dance on the roof of Selfridges, has just got its second wind. The debutantes are being recruited by the redoubtable Mrs. Walter Elliot, who has been Chairman of the Settlement since it started. Something had to be done. The Settlement was closed for six months last year for lack of a warden and a committee.

So Mrs. Elliot invited the debutantes to tea and noblesse oblige.

"It is very interesting. You will meet a lot of interesting people. It will be a

great experience for you," she told them.

The debutantes obliged enthusiastically. Wallpapers were whisked in from the West End. Paint in chic determined colours like Siamese pink, and brilliant blue surprised the drab interior.

With Christopher Loder, son of Lord Wakehurst, as treasurer, the management committee soon found themselves £200 down and 100 members to the good. But since October Pedro Street has been a roaring success with a waiting list for membership.

It has a friendly free-for-all atmosphere.

Two sorts of a jazz fight for superiority.

There is a jazz band rehearsing and jazz records for dancing to. "They don't mix very well but nobody minds," explains Mr. Murdoch, one of the wardens.

JOHNNY HAZARD



MIND TRANSFORMING IN THE BRAVE NEW WORLD

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

THE people described in "Brave New World" did not drink cocktails or smoke opium; they swallowed tablets of soma. Not, of course, the soma mentioned in the Vedas—a rather dangerous drug derived from some as yet unidentified plant native to South Central Asia—but a synthetic combining "all the advantages of Christianity and alcohol, none of their defects."

In small doses soma was a restorer of tensions, an inducer of euphoria, a fosterer of friendliness and social solidarity. In medium doses it was mildly hallucinant and, in large doses, narcotic. Virtually all the Brave New Worlders thought themselves happy. This was due in part to the fact that they had been bred and conditioned to take the place assigned to them in the social hierarchy, in part to the sleep-teaching which had made them content with their lot, in part to soma and the stability with which the drug endowed them, to take holidays from unpleasant circumstances and their yet unpleasant selves.

Narcotics

ALL the natural narcotics, stimulants, relaxants and hallucinants known to the modern biologist and pharmacologist were discovered by primitive man and have been in use from time immemorial. One of the first things that homo sapiens did with his newly-developed rationality and self-consciousness was to set them to work finding out ways to bypass analytical thinking and to transcend or, in extreme cases, completely suppress, the isolating awareness of the self.

Trying all things that grew in meadow or forest, they held fast to that which, in this context, seemed good—everything, that is to say, that would change the quality of consciousness, would make it different, no matter how, from everyday thinking, feeling and perceiving.

Among the Hindus, rhythmic breathing and mental concentration have, to some extent, taken the place of the mind-transforming drugs used elsewhere. But even in the land of yoga, even among the religious

This is the third and last article in the series in which Aldous Huxley, whose "Brave New World" was the literary sensation of the thirties, re-examines his prophetic fantasy in the light of the past 25 years.

and for specifically religious purposes, cannabis indica has been freely used to supplement the effects of spiritual exercises. The habit of taking chemical vacations from the more or less purgatorial world, given or all too home-made, of ordinary experience is universal. Moralists may denounce it; but in spite of all disapproving talk and repressive legislation, the habit persists and mind-transforming drugs are everywhere available.

The Marxian formula, "Religion is the opium of the people," is reversible and one can say, with even more truth, that "opium is the religion of the people." In more general terms, mind-transformation, however induced (whether by devotional or psychogymnastic or chemical means), has always been felt to be one of the highest, perhaps the very highest, of all attainable goods.

Up to the present, governments have thought of the problem of mind-transforming chemicals only in terms of prohibition or, a little more realistically, of control and taxation. None, so far, has considered it in the light of modern knowledge, or in its relation to individual well-being and social stability.

Modern Drug

BECAUSE of vested interests and mental inertia, we persist in using alcohol as our main mind-transformer—just as our neolithic ancestors did. We all know perfectly well that alcohol is responsible for a large proportion of our traffic accidents, crimes of violence and domestic miseries; and yet we make no effort to replace this old-fashioned and extremely unsatisfactory drug by some new, more effective and less harmful mind-transformer.

Among the Brave New Worlders Noot's prehistoric in-

might be taken indefinitely with none but agreeable and useful results. But the universe is not in the habit of giving us anything for nothing and it seems hardly credible, on general principles, that we can get so much without somehow paying for it.

In my fable, the Savage Expresses his belief that the advantages of soma must be paid for by losses on the highest human levels, ethical, aesthetic, spiritual. Probably he was right. And yet there is a great deal to be said for being able, if one finds oneself in a disturbing situation, to assume at will an attitude towards events of non-attachment, anxiety, "holy indifference."

The Results

THE moral worth of an action cannot be measured exclusively in terms of intention. It is paved with good intentions, and we have to give at least some consideration to results. Rational and kindly behaviour tends to produce good results, and the results remain good, even though such behaviour should be the consequence of taking a pill.

On the other hand, can we control and systematic self-discipline by a chemical? It remains to be seen. At the present rate of scientific progress, the question will be decided by actual experience within a very few years.

Meanwhile, advancing pharmacology may be expected to enrich the armamentarium of dictatorship in a variety of ways. Drugs for heightening suggestibility already exist and can certainly be improved. What a boon for totalitarian missionaries and brain-washers in the foreign field, and for totalitarian educators at home!

And what a boon for totalitarian generals if there were a drug that would make their men braver and tougher! At all times alcohol has been used in war, in order to banish fear. It should not be hard to synthesize a better brand of Dutch Courage and, along with it, some compound that would diminish fatigue and increase endurance.

"Ah," says the anonymous poet, "Bids valour burgeon in tall men, Quickens the poet's wit and pen, Displaces fate."

Displaces fate.

The Other World

IN regard to valour and contempt for fate, the claim is justified. But, except in the drinker's own estimation, alcohol never quickened anyone's wit. With the pharmacologists be able to do better than the brewers and the distillers? It seems reasonable to suppose it.

Long before 600 A.F. people may be taking wit-quickeners not only to cope with a moment of crisis, but perhaps even for the long haul. Which will be as helpful to the totalitarian planners as, to the democratic planners. Indeed, since the totalitarians are likely to make widespread use of such drugs before the democrats can make up their minds to do so, chemical wit-quickeners may serve the worse cause more effectively than the better.

Of all the consciousness-transforming drugs the most interesting, though not the most immediately useful, are those which, like lysergic acid and mescaline, open the door to what may be called the Other World of the mind. Many workers are now exploring the effects of the mind-openers already in existence, and we may be sure that other drugs of the same kind will be produced in the near future.

What use will ultimately be made of these extraordinary elixirs, it is impossible to say. My own opinion is that they will play a part in the lives of human beings at least as great as the part played in our history by alcohol, and incomparably more beneficent.

By Frank Robbins



...this situation calls for a San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



LITTLE ANDRES
STARTS THE
PONCHO STYLE

THIS MEXICAN BEACH PONCHO has been adapted by Artist Rex from the outfit worn by 10-year-old Andres Velasquez in the new Walt Disney film, *The Littlest Outlaw*. We liked Little Andres's gay striped poncho and thought how easy and useful it would be to adapt for beachwear this summer. All you would need is two yards of striped towelling, caught under each arm and a triangle cut out in the centre for the neck.



London Express Service

I've Fallen For The Professor With A Melting Smile

Says EILEEN ASCROFT

FEMININE beauty may be top news with the men. But we women are equally interested in men with good looks. Believing that many women are heartily sick of debutantes, gorgeous stars in "plunge" necklines, girls with fabulous measurements, and youthful-looking grannies, I have been conducting a one-woman inquiry into the best-looking men in town.

My first nomination is Professor Sir William Holford. An architect by profession, he could set up as a matinee idol any day he chose—in spite of his 49 years.

It is the face of a man who gets things done—strong, self-confident, but with a smile to melt your heart.

My second choice would be 51-year-old Christopher Shawcross, QC, Recorder of Nottingham, and brother of the more published Sir Hartley.

He has a finely-shaped head and a face that proclaims physical courage. That he proved when ambushed in Malaya. But the quality that intrigues me most is the blend of humour and gentleness—a combination frequently allied to courage.

This is the kind of man that turns up trumps in train crashes and shipwrecks.

DEBUTANTES' PIN-UPS

Inquiries among the debutantes reveal that their two pin-ups, when it comes to sheer good looks, are 26-year-old banker Nicholas Eden, son of the Prime Minister, and blond blue-eyed publisher Jocelyn Stevens, 24.

Eden scores points with me for classical features, not an ounce of fat on his 6ft. 2in. frame, and that serene expression, always attractive in the very young.

Stevens, newly engaged, wins points, too, because of a strictly personal weakness on my part for blondes.

Another good-looking man around town is 24-year-old painter Lord Weymouth. His face of traditional good breeding, but enlivened by a challenging smile and softened by a hair style that always seems to be beyond his control.

Best looking politician is undoubtedly the 46-year-old Minister of Housing, Duncan Sandys. His pictures often don't do justice to the strength and character of his face.

But it is the charming, worried expression that appeals most about him to women—this one at any rate.

My last nomination is an actor, but not one of the old glamorous brigade. He is 25-year-old John Fraser, a bachelor from the Old Vic.

None of the arrogance and over-confidence of so many of the acting types here. A handsome masculine face, with a mouth that attracts—London Express Service.

My last nomination is an actor, but not one of the old glamorous brigade. He is 25-year-old John Fraser, a bachelor from the Old Vic.

None of the arrogance and over-confidence of so many of the acting types here. A handsome masculine face, with a mouth that attracts—London Express Service.

My last nomination is an actor, but not one of the old glamorous brigade. He is 25-year-old John Fraser, a bachelor from the Old Vic.

None of the arrogance and over-confidence of so many of the acting types here. A handsome masculine face, with a mouth that attracts—London Express Service.

My last nomination is an actor, but not one of the old glamorous brigade. He is 25-year-old John Fraser, a bachelor from the Old Vic.

None of the arrogance and over-confidence of so many of the acting types here. A handsome masculine face, with a mouth that attracts—London Express Service.

My last nomination is an actor, but not one of the old glamorous brigade. He is 25-year-old John Fraser, a bachelor from the Old Vic.

None of the arrogance and over-confidence of so many of the acting types here. A handsome masculine face, with a mouth that attracts—London Express Service.

My last nomination is an actor, but not one of the old glamorous brigade. He is 25-year-old John Fraser, a bachelor from the Old Vic.

None of the arrogance and over-confidence of so many of the acting types here. A handsome masculine face, with a mouth that attracts—London Express Service.

My last nomination is an actor, but not one of the old glamorous brigade. He is 25-year-old John Fraser, a bachelor from the Old Vic.

None of the arrogance and over-confidence of so many of the acting types here. A handsome masculine face, with a mouth that attracts—London Express Service.

My last nomination is an actor, but not one of the old glamorous brigade. He is 25-year-old John Fraser, a bachelor from the Old Vic.

None of the arrogance and over-confidence of so many of the acting types here. A handsome masculine face, with a mouth that attracts—London Express Service.

My last nomination is an actor, but not one of the old glamorous brigade. He is 25-year-old John Fraser, a bachelor from the Old Vic.

None of the arrogance and over-confidence of so many of the acting types here. A handsome masculine face, with a mouth that attracts—London Express Service.

My last nomination is an actor, but not one of the old glamorous brigade. He is 25-year-old John Fraser, a bachelor from the Old Vic.

None of the arrogance and over-confidence of so many of the acting types here. A handsome masculine face, with a mouth that attracts—London Express Service.

Cherry Marshall, leader of a group of British models who have just returned from Moscow after giving a series of fashion shows, describes her impressions of the visit.

The Russian Women Brought Binoculars And Telescopes To The Dress Shows

A TOP British model who visited Moscow said that Russian women should take a fashion hint from the deposed Czarinas.

Cherry Marshall, attractive brunette and of a London modelling agency, went to the Soviet capital for a showing there of British fashions.

A model herself, she gave her impressions of her visit in an interview with United Press.

"Women in Communist Russia should take a fashion hint from the Czarinas they helped depose," she said.

"There are plenty of good-looking women in the Soviet Union. We saw them in spite of the hapless clothes and ugly makeup they wore."

"They are handsome women, not fragilely beautiful, but really handsome with their full, healthy skin and fine, healthy hair."

That is where the Czarinas came in.

INSIDE THE KREMLIN

"Designers in Communist Russia's two-year-old fashion industry are trying hard to catch up with Western fashions," she said. "They are creating smart dresses and suits and gowns with thin lines and wrap waists that apparently never get much further than the drawing board."

"They should go right into the Kremlin to make their sketches. For there on display are the gowns worn by the wives of the royal rulers of pre-revolutionary Russia."

Miss Marshall said the stately gowns illustrate what Russian fashions should become—simple but elegant lines that do justice to the healthy figures and stately bearing of the beautiful women of Russia.

"The gowns show off another point Russian fashion designers should keep in mind—tradition," she said, "the simplest Russian home is filled with wonderful traditional woodwork, in bowls and bric-a-brac."

"You can buy a gracefully carved flower vase in Moscow, but you cannot buy a good piece of costume jewellery."

"Again the designers should take a field trip through those massive gates at Red Square. Inside the Kremlin is some of the most beautiful jewellery in

the world—yes all the Muscovite housewife can buy is heavy and harsh and brassy."

"Simplicity and elegance is what a dress designer named Nadezhda Serova said about the English fashions we showed thousands of Russian women—and men—at the gigantic pavilion in Gorki Park."

"The women were wild about the fashions my six girls modelled—and the men were wild about the models."

"We gave two shows a day, six days a week, for three weeks, and the seats and standing room for 1,500 persons were filled every show, with hundreds turned away disappointed."

MEN'S REQUESTS

"The seats were 10 roubles, roughly, about 75 cents, and standing room was five roubles. Communist wives sat side by side with lady factory workers, selecting our gowns, taking pictures of them and even giving the needle work a close-up once-over with binoculars and telescopes."

"They all clapped enthusiastically. The women cooed and asked: 'The men sent the models home like a bunch of beautiful girls you are lovely.'"

"Some of the men even begged us to bring over a show of men's fashions."

"I had visited Moscow about three months ago to arrange the show, sponsored by the London Modelling House Group and various manufacturers. I saw what I thought the Russian women should wear and choose the clothes accordingly."

SHOCKING!

"When I first went to Russia I was shocked at what the women have to wear. There was no frilly underwear and the brassieres and corsets had no elastic and so little support."

"The dresses had form-fitting lines. There were no smart collars. Most women seemed to think the height of fashion in a dress was rayon, in any pattern or shape, so long as it was rayon."

"The hats are bad. In the winter most women wore drab headscarves—were British women wear head scarves, too, but we make them pretty with different shapes and bright patterns. In the summer the standard headwear seemed to be big brimmed floppy straw

hats with artificial flowers, worn pushed forward over the forehead."

"The shoes were the worst of the lot. Can you imagine a sturdy British walking shoe raised to high heels? Even the high-heeled slippers for evening wear had heels almost as thick as a man's. And soles would not bend."

"I think many imaginative Russian women did the best they could with what they had. They sketched clothes from Western fashion magazines in Moscow libraries and made them. If the hats were bad, the younger women went without them, plaiting their beautiful hair and twisting the plaits into attractive chignons."

"Now apparently there is a five-year plan for fashions. Newspapers and magazines are paying more attention to what a woman wears. More and

more women are buying clothes abroad and bringing them home. All-Russian buyers indicated there would be orders forthcoming for the fashions we showed in Gorki Park."

"I can tell a difference between now and three months ago. I saw more women in cocktail dresses at the formal receptions held for us. The business women with whom we came in contact seemed smarter in their neat suits."

"There is an amazing collective enthusiasm for a new idea in Moscow. Everyone seems to catch on quickly. If they take to fashions like they took to our clothes—and if they make the most of their own brand of beauty and their traditional costumes—I predict the norms of the five-year plan for fashion will be reached before Nikita Khrushchev can say 'Christian Dior.'" Miss Marshall said.

The Doctors' Verdict On High Heels



BE WARNED: NO HIGHER THAN THIS
By CHAPMAN PINCHER

WOMEN'S shoes with heels up to two and a half inches high are only a little more tiring to wear than flat-heeled shoes.

Using an electrical recording machine, Dr Jack Joseph and scientist Alfred Nightingale have measured the muscle activity in the legs of 21 young women wearing shoes with heels of different heights at Guy's Hospital. And this is the verdict.

When the women were standing at ease in high heels, their calf muscles were slightly more tensed up and used more energy to keep their bodies well balanced than when they were wearing low heels.

There was no increase in the activity of the muscles of the thighs or the front of the legs.

Avoid those high 'spikes'

Heels higher than two and a half inches are considerably more tiring, because the leg muscles have to work harder to prevent the body falling forwards at the ankles.

Most thin shoes of all, the doctors say, have those spiky high heels.

The small surface area of the spiky heels means that the feet have to be put down on the ground in almost exactly the same position every step. This puts the strain on a few muscles instead of distributing the load.

"Flatties"—the ballet shoe type with no heels—are also tiring for street wear, the doctors say.

FOOTNOTE: For men who make fun of women's high heels, the doctors point out that the average height of a man's heel from the ground, measured from inside his shoe, is at least 1in.

Vital Rule In Fashion — "Know Thyself"

Now York. FOLLOW the advice of an ancient Greek philosopher. If you want to be on one of those "best dressed" lists, says a famous woman designer.

"Know thyself," said Madame Valodina, the Russian-born designer whose roster of customers reads like the who's who of both the social and theatrical world.

"This is the most important rule," Valodina, in one of her rare talks with a reporter, revealed some of her contributions to fashion and defined what to her is the state of being stylish.

APPROPRIATENESS

"Well dressed means nothing more than wearing the right things in the right place," she said.

"Where is the belt . . . where is the bustline, the neckline . . . is absurd, means nothing. The shape of a woman's face can change three inches off a beginning."

"Clothes should be simple without tears."

"She said American women just about the ultimate in compliments on clothes, know-how. They are the world's most

soigne," she said. (Webster says the term means "well groomed; sleek.")

"How free they are, how well prepared with the fundamentals. They have learned the lesson of simplicity."

She conceded there are exceptions—"like local weather."

WHEN TO BREAK RULES

Yet Valodina is the first to urge a woman to break the rules occasionally. "Try the dramatic," she said. "But not every day."

Valodina, a tall, beautiful woman who resembles Greta Garbo, a customer, is best known for elegant clothes with timeless lines.

Her customers are perennially on best-dressed lists. Her clothes have been worn on and off stage by such stars as Lynn Fontanne, Lillian Gish, Katharine Cornell, Lily Pons and Katherine Hepburn.

She does not plan to follow the route of some of her colleagues who produce wholesale lines—sold through department stores and specialty shops throughout the country.

"Is not for me," said Valodina. "I work with the big swoop . . . the long view. Not just next season."—United Press



Headache
Do not wait patiently for your suffering to end. Take 1-2 tablets of 'CAFASPIN' dissolved in half a glass of water, and headache will soon vanish.

'CAFASPIN'
The small tablet with the big effect.

SUNDAY EXPRESS
Baby Book

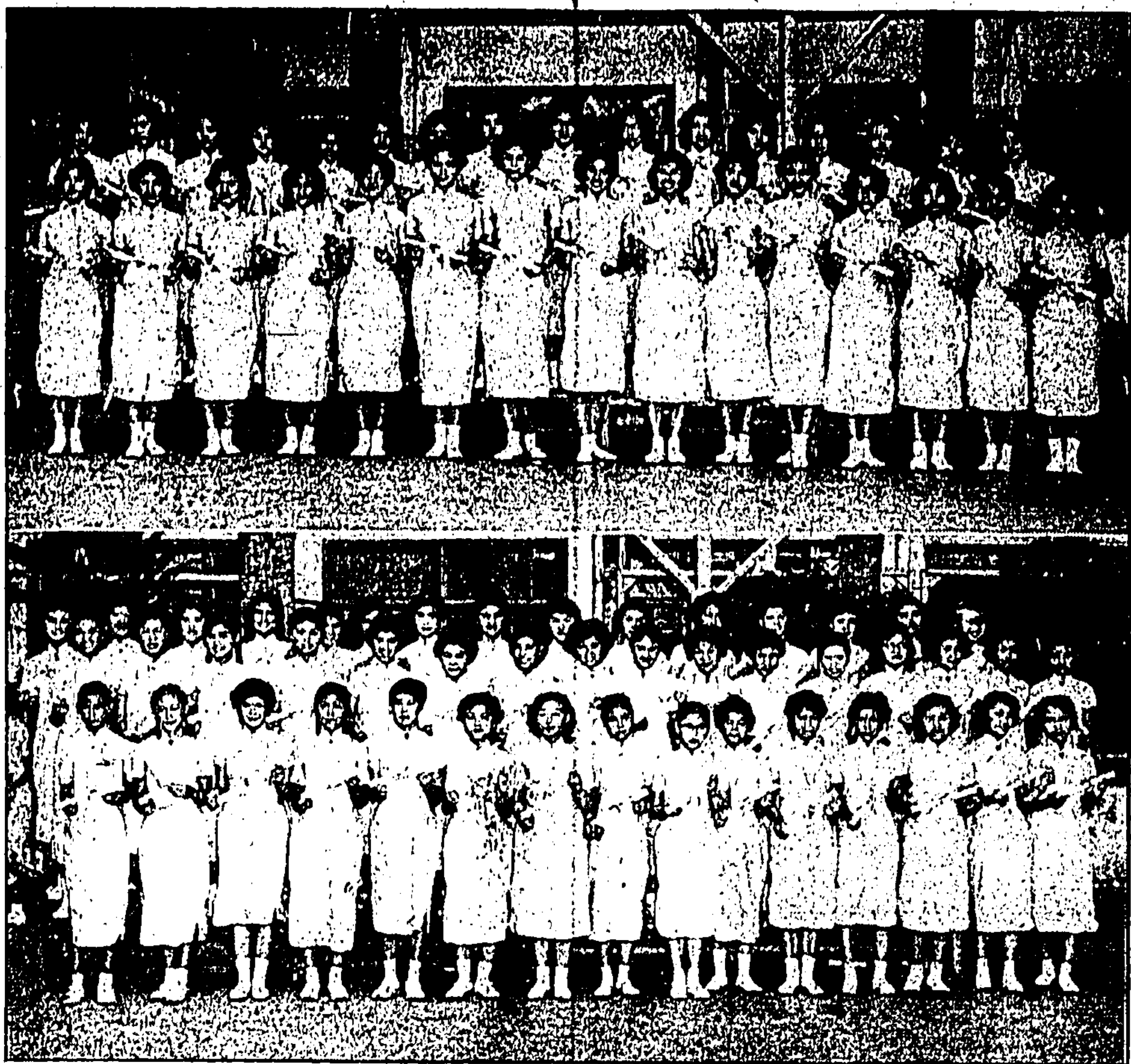
Here it is . . . the book that gives complete information on the care of the baby and small child from the prenatal period through to the sixth year . . . detailed advice on Routines, Menus, Recipes, Training, First Aid . . . Complete Record Section from Birth to the twelfth Year.

Illustrated by over 200 "how-to" photographs and drawings, some in two colours.

240 pages. Packed in attractive gift box.

\$25.00

Obtainable only at South China Morning Post
Wyndham Street, Hong Kong & Salisbury Road, Kowloon



THE annual graduation exercises of the Truro Light Middle School, Kowloon, took place last Saturday. These pictures show (top) graduates of Senior III and (bottom) graduates of Junior III. (Staff Photographer)



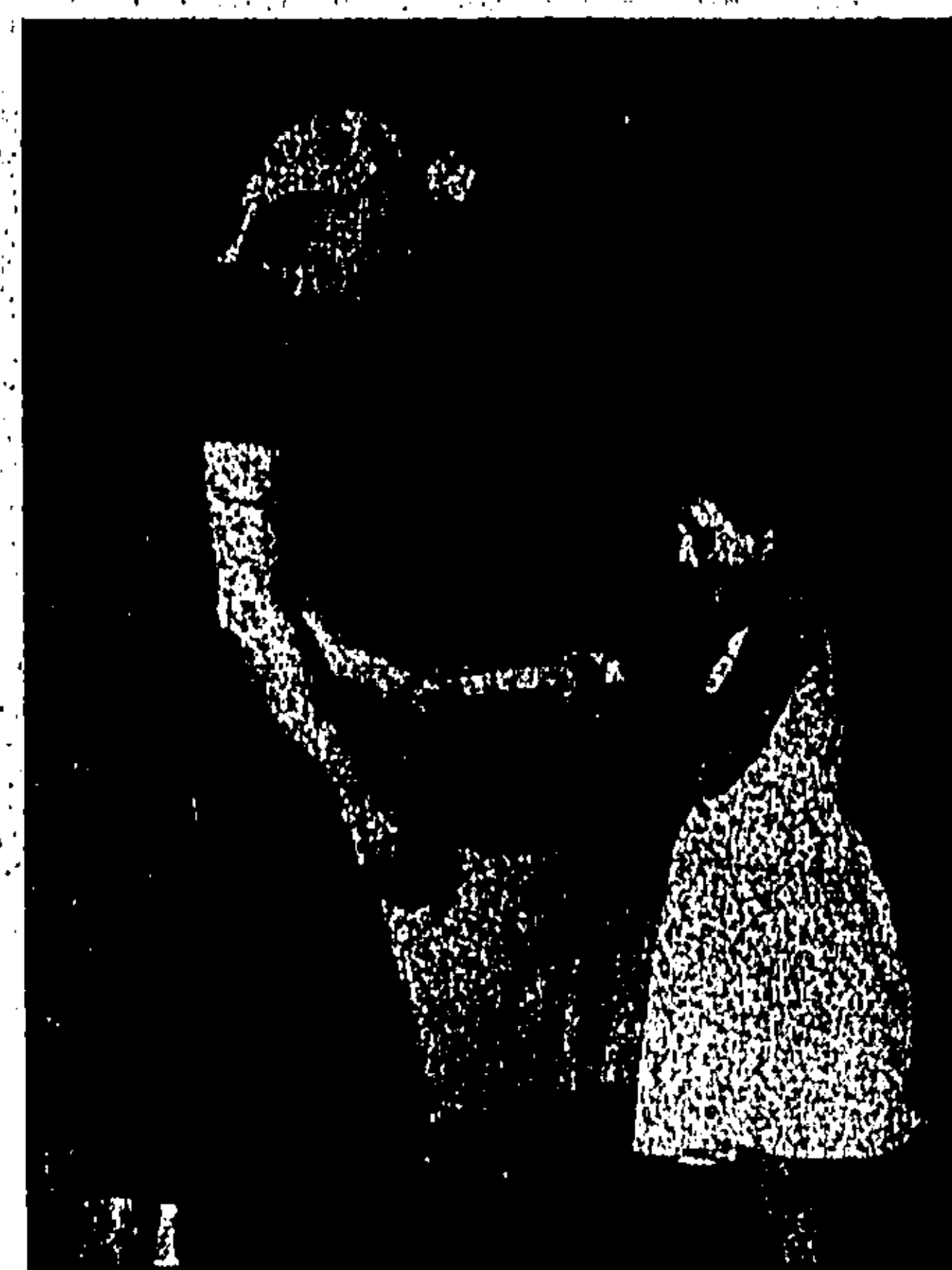
PROF. Edmund Blunden (seated in centre of middle row) entertained to dinner by undergraduates of the Hongkong University to mark the award to him of the Queen's Gold Medal for Poetry. On Prof. Blunden's left are Mrs Blunden and Prof. F. S. Drake, Dean of the Faculty of Arts. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Wedding at St Andrew's Church, Kowloon, of Mr. Brian Clover and Miss Pamela King. (Staff Photographer)



CIVIL servant members of the Hongkong University Alumni Association gave a dinner last Monday when the guest of honour was His Excellency, the Officer Administering the Government, Mr. E. B. David, who is seen being greeted above by Dr. E. Thom. On right is Mr. Leung Fung-ki. (Staff Photographer)



PRIZEGIVING at the Gun Club School yesterday morning. Mrs. J. H. Unwin, wife of the Commodore-in-Charge, presenting a prize to Ginette Pierpont, first in Class 1B. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Scene at the Kowloon control centre during last Saturday's exercise when the Special Constabulary and Police Reserve took over duties from the regular Police. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Picture taken following the wedding at Christ Church, Kowloon Tong, of Mr. James Kung and Miss Marjorie Woo. (Staff Photographer)



MR. James T. Ivy, Hongkong representative of the Asia Foundation, distributing prizes at the first annual graduation of the Chinese YMCA College, Kowloon. (Staff Photographer)



WEDDING of Mr. Leonard Stephen Goldie and Miss Agnes Angela Evans at St Margaret's Church last Sunday. The bride signing the register. (Staff Photographer)

Book **ALL** your
TRAVEL
LAND • SEA • AIR
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
through
AMERLOYD
American Lloyd Travel Service Ltd.
Shell House • Tel. 31175
"Extra Service At No Extra Cost"



MR. Chan Yue-yul, who has retired after more than 30 years as Principal of the Hongkong Lingnan Middle School, speaking at the tea party given by the Board of Trustees in his honour. (Staff Photographer)

Put the
**DOUBLE DOOR
DOUBLE-SIZE FREEZER
(DOUBLE VALUE!)**
PHILCO Refrigerator
IN YOUR HOUSE

- * TWO DOOR LUXURY
- * INDEPENDENT 2 in. 1.1. ZERO FREEZER
- * AIR CONDITIONED
- * AUTOMATIC DEFROST
- * DOUBLE DEPTH DAIRY BAR
- * SHELLTONE COLOUR STYLING
- * DULUX EXTERIOR

Call at GILMANS Gloucester Arcade, Tel. 31146
See the New PHILCO Refrigerators



THE pupils of King George V School and representatives of the School's Parents' Association presented farewell gifts to Mrs E. M. Hill, who has taught at the School for more than 21 years, at the end of term assembly. Mrs Hill, who is going on retirement, is seen speaking at the ceremony. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Officer Administering the Government, Mr E. B. David, chatting with the French Consul-General and Madame Andre Beaulieux at the Bastille Day reception at the Hongkong Club. (Staff Photographer)



MR Wim van der Goes snapped before he started last Saturday on his round-island walkathon attempt. Mr van der Goes was forced to give up because of an old knee injury. (Staff Photographer)



MR Roy Dunlop, Rediffusion programme director, giving a talk to members of the Hongkong Round Table at a dinner held at the Volunteer Centre. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Presentation of certificates by Mrs B. C. K. Hawkins at the annual speech day of the Aberdeen Trade School. (Staff Photographer)

NO. 1 Platoon, team champions at the annual swimming sports of the Royal Army Pay Corps. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Wedding at the Kowloon Tong Church of the Chinese Christian and Missionary Alliance of Mr T. M. Yuan and Miss Janet Pih. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mr Seaker S. K. Chan, President of Hong Kong College, presenting certificates at last week's graduation exercises. (Staff Photographer)

Businessmen Agree

on... **Westinghouse** ★ **AIRCONDITIONING** LATEST MODELS Just arrived

So Quiet..... So Versatile
And meets every Weather Wish
of Professional and Businessmen.
Storekeepers, Restaurateurs, Salons, etc.
Easily installed and superbly efficient.
Immediately available in 3/4, 1, 1 1/2 and 2 h.p.

DAVIE, BOAG & CO. LTD.
ALEXANDRA HOUSE TEL. 21299



SOME of the pretty girls taking part in the revue, "Oh, Girls, How Dare You?" first produced on Thursday evening at Morse Hut, Kowloon. The show, directed by Freddie Tennant, has 22 acts and a cast of 40. (Staff Photographer)

IRISH LINEN MESH SHIRTS

GET TO KNOW IRISH LINEN MESH
AND SOON YOU'RE WANTING
MORE AND MORE GARMENTS IN
THIS DELIGHTFULLY LIGHT-AND-
AIRY, EASY WASHING, QUICK
DRYING, HEALTH PRESERVING
FABRIC

MACKINTOSH'S
ALEXANDRA HOUSE
DES VOEUX ROAD



PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



Pineapple Square Lace

MATERIALS: Croch. Chan. Merino (Crochet) No. 40 (20 gm.) 3 balls selected colour. Hairpin Lace Staple No. 40 (6 cm.) and No. 40 (8 cm.) Crochet Hook No. 3 (3 mm.) and No. 4 (4 mm.) and No. 5 (5 mm.) and No. 6 (6 mm.) and No. 7 (7 mm.) and No. 8 (8 mm.) and No. 9 (9 mm.) and No. 10 (10 mm.) and No. 11 (11 mm.) and No. 12 (12 mm.) and No. 13 (13 mm.) and No. 14 (14 mm.) and No. 15 (15 mm.) and No. 16 (16 mm.) and No. 17 (17 mm.) and No. 18 (18 mm.) and No. 19 (19 mm.) and No. 20 (20 mm.) and No. 21 (21 mm.) and No. 22 (22 mm.) and No. 23 (23 mm.) and No. 24 (24 mm.) and No. 25 (25 mm.) and No. 26 (26 mm.) and No. 27 (27 mm.) and No. 28 (28 mm.) and No. 29 (29 mm.) and No. 30 (30 mm.) and No. 31 (31 mm.) and No. 32 (32 mm.) and No. 33 (33 mm.) and No. 34 (34 mm.) and No. 35 (35 mm.) and No. 36 (36 mm.) and No. 37 (37 mm.) and No. 38 (38 mm.) and No. 39 (39 mm.) and No. 40 (40 mm.) and No. 41 (41 mm.) and No. 42 (42 mm.) and No. 43 (43 mm.) and No. 44 (44 mm.) and No. 45 (45 mm.) and No. 46 (46 mm.) and No. 47 (47 mm.) and No. 48 (48 mm.) and No. 49 (49 mm.) and No. 50 (50 mm.) and No. 51 (51 mm.) and No. 52 (52 mm.) and No. 53 (53 mm.) and No. 54 (54 mm.) and No. 55 (55 mm.) and No. 56 (56 mm.) and No. 57 (57 mm.) and No. 58 (58 mm.) and No. 59 (59 mm.) and No. 60 (60 mm.) and No. 61 (61 mm.) and No. 62 (62 mm.) and No. 63 (63 mm.) and No. 64 (64 mm.) and No. 65 (65 mm.) and No. 66 (66 mm.) and No. 67 (67 mm.) and No. 68 (68 mm.) and No. 69 (69 mm.) and No. 70 (70 mm.) and No. 71 (71 mm.) and No. 72 (72 mm.) and No. 73 (73 mm.) and No. 74 (74 mm.) and No. 75 (75 mm.) and No. 76 (76 mm.) and No. 77 (77 mm.) and No. 78 (78 mm.) and No. 79 (79 mm.) and No. 80 (80 mm.) and No. 81 (81 mm.) and No. 82 (82 mm.) and No. 83 (83 mm.) and No. 84 (84 mm.) and No. 85 (85 mm.) and No. 86 (86 mm.) and No. 87 (87 mm.) and No. 88 (88 mm.) and No. 89 (89 mm.) and No. 90 (90 mm.) and No. 91 (91 mm.) and No. 92 (92 mm.) and No. 93 (93 mm.) and No. 94 (94 mm.) and No. 95 (95 mm.) and No. 96 (96 mm.) and No. 97 (97 mm.) and No. 98 (98 mm.) and No. 99 (99 mm.) and No. 100 (100 mm.)

TENSION: 10 stitches to 4 in. (10 cm.)

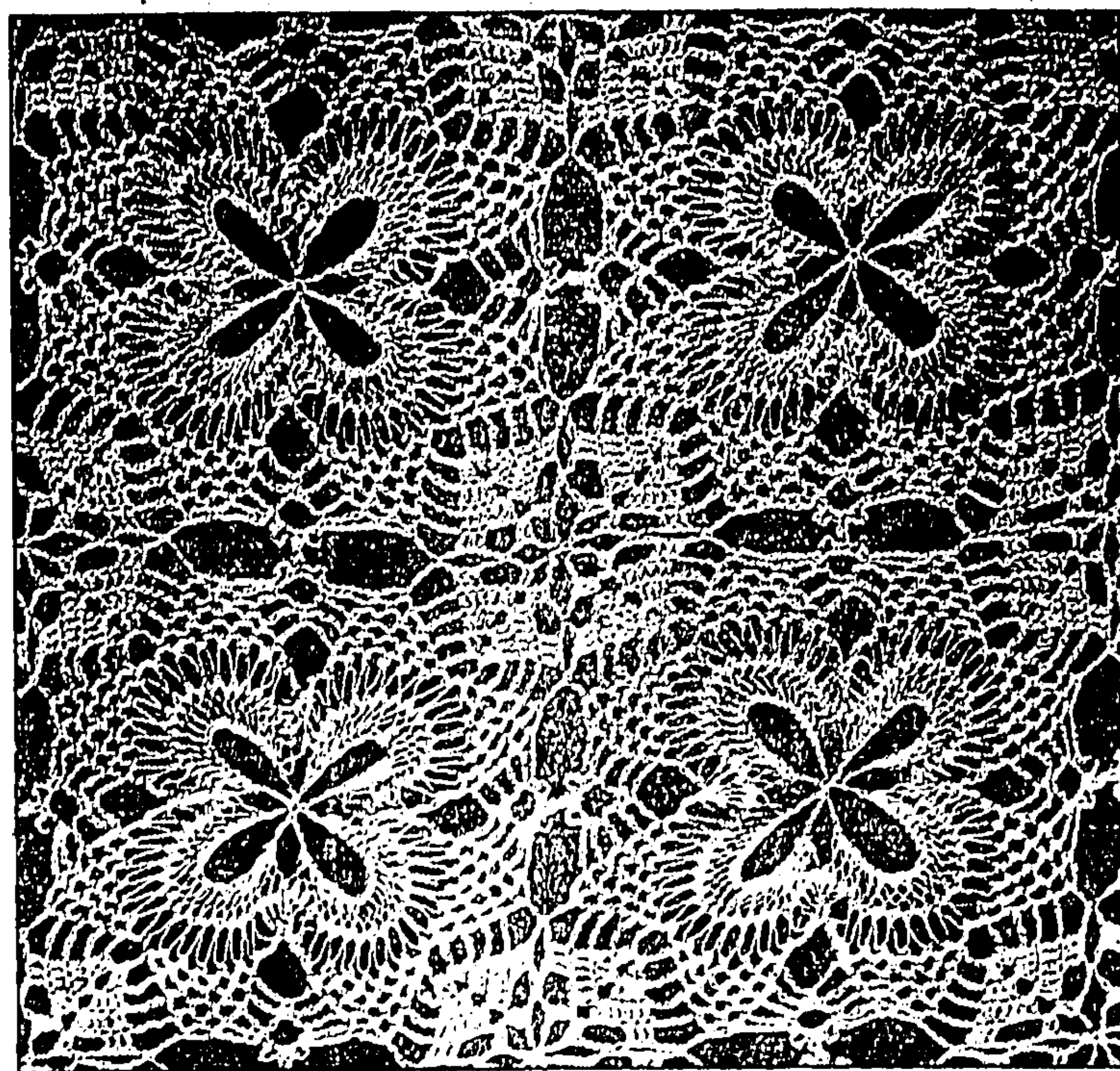
MEASUREMENTS: 26 in. x 26 in. (66 cm. x 66 cm.)

ABBREVIATIONS: Ch. chain; Sl. slip; Rep. repeat; Cont. continue; Patt. pattern.

DIRECTIONS

Method of Working Hairpin Lace:

1. Insert hook into first loop of hairpin lace. 2. Draw loop through loop. 3. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 4. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 5. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 6. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 7. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 8. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 9. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 10. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 11. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 12. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 13. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 14. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 15. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 16. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 17. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 18. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 19. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 20. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 21. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 22. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 23. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 24. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 25. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 26. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 27. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 28. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 29. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 30. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 31. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 32. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 33. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 34. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 35. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 36. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 37. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 38. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 39. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 40. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 41. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 42. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 43. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 44. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 45. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 46. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 47. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 48. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 49. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 50. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 51. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 52. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 53. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 54. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 55. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 56. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 57. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 58. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 59. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 60. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 61. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 62. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 63. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 64. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 65. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 66. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 67. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 68. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 69. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 70. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 71. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 72. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 73. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 74. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 75. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 76. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 77. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 78. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 79. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 80. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 81. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 82. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 83. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 84. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 85. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 86. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 87. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 88. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 89. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 90. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 91. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 92. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 93. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 94. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 95. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 96. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 97. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 98. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 99. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through. 100. Repeat 1 and 2 until all loops are drawn through.



Jumper With Yoke

MATERIALS: 5 ozs. of Sirdar Majestic 3 ply wool, 1 pair of each No. 11 and 13 needles, 6 inch Zipper Fastener, Cable Needle.

MEASUREMENTS: To fit up to a 36 inch Bust.

TENSION: About 8 stitches to 1 inch.

ABBREVIATIONS: K. knit, P. purl, st. stitch, st. stocking stitch, inc. increase, dec. decrease, beg. beginning, tog. together, w.f. wool forward, w.r.n. wool round needle, M.I. make one, sl. slip, rep. repeat, cont. continue, patt. pattern.

BACK

Using No. 13 Needles, cast on 124 sts., work in K.1, P.1, rib for 3 inches, inc. 1 st. in the last row. Change to No. 11 Needles, then work in the following pattern:

1st and 3rd rows: K.1, * P.1, k.3, rep. from * to end of row.

2nd and 4th rows: Work as sts. present themselves.

4th row: K.1, P.2tog., * M.1, k.1, m.1, P.2tog., rep. from * to last 2 sts. m.1, k.2.

5th and 7th rows: * K.3, P.1, rep. from * to last st. k.1.

8th row: K.2, m.1, * P.2tog., m.1, k.1, m.1, rep. from * to last 3 sts. P.2tog., k.1.

These 8 rows form the patt. Cont. to work thus, but the 1 st. at both ends of next and every following 8th row until these are 137 sts. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 12½ inches from beg.

Next row: K.12, patt. to the last 12 sts., k.12.

Next row: K.12, patt. to the last 12 sts., k.12.

Rep. the last 2 rows twice more.

Shape Armholes:

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows, then keeping 4 sts. in garter st. at each end of the rows, dec. 1 st. inside the border sts. both sides of the next 4 rows. In continuing of patt. keeping 4 garter st. border at each end of the rows, cont. without further shaping until work measures 15 inches from beg.

Shape Neck:

Next row: Work across 39 sts., cast off 35 sts., work to end of row.

Working on the last set of sts., cast off at the neck edge, each alternate row (7 sts.) once, (8 sts.) twice, then cast off (4 sts.) 4 times. Join wool to the other set of sts. and shape to match the first side.

FRONT

Work as given for back up to the armhole shaping.

Shape Armhole and Neck:

Cast off 4 sts. Work until there are 53 sts. on the right hand needle after casting off, then cast off 23 sts. Work to end of row. Working on the last set of 30 sts., cast off 4 sts. at the armhole edge on the next row and the next alternate row, then keeping 4 sts. in garter st. dec. 1 st. inside the border sts. on the next 4 rows, but at the same time, cast off at the neck edge (5 sts.) once, (4 sts.) 3 times, then cast off (2 sts.) every alternate row until all sts. are cast off. Then with the wrong side of work facing join wool to the remaining 53 sts., and work to end of row. Then shaping neck to match the other side, cast off at the armhole edge, (4 sts.) once, then dec. 1 st. inside the garter st. border on the following 4 rows.

YOKE

Using No. 11 Needles, cast on 321 sts., rather loosely. Work 5 rows in st. beg. with a P. row.



EASY-TO-PREPARE SUMMER DISHES

By ALICE DENHOFF

WITH summer well under way, entertaining becomes a less formal affair. Simple meals that are easy to prepare are in demand.

This Chicken Ring would be perfect for a small dinner party of 6.

Disjoint a 4½ lb. fowl, cook in water to cover until tender. Cool. Remove meat from bones and dice.

Combine the chicken and 2 c. soft bread crumbs, 1 c. cooked rice, tsp. salt, ½ tsp. pepper, ¼ c. nonfat dry milk solids, ¼ c. chopped pimiento, 3 well-beaten eggs, 3 c. chicken broth and ¼ c. butter or chicken fat, in the order given, mix thoroughly.

Turn into buttered ring mould. Place in pan of hot water and bake at 350° F. for 1 hr.

Allow to stand for 10 min. before unmoulding on hot chop plate. Fill centre with mushroom sauce and garnish with parsley.

MUSHROOM SAUCE

To prepare sauce melt ½ c. butter or margarine in heavy pan. Add 1 lb. sliced, fresh mushrooms and cook gently 5 min. (be careful not to burn).

Remove mushrooms from butter and keep hot.

Remove pan from heat. Add ½ c. flour and 1 c. nonfat dry milk solids and mix well. Gradually stir in 1 qt. rich chicken broth. Place over hot water and cook until thick, stirring until smooth.

Stir in 2 well-beaten egg yolks mixed with ½ c. cream. Add ½ tsp. salt, paprika to suit, tsp. chopped parsley, tsp. lemon juice and the mushrooms. Serve hot in chicken ring.

CHEESE CUSTARD

Cheese Custard Ring with a centre of creamed vegetables is a special treat.

To prepare ring, melt 2 tbsp. butter, add 3 tbsp. flour, stirring to a smooth paste. Gradually add 1 c. milk, stirring constantly until mixture thickens and is smooth.

Add ½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. paprika, ½ tsp. mustard and ¼ c. each grated American cheese and grated Swiss cheese. Stir until cheese is melted.

Remove from heat and beat in 4 eggs, one at a time. Pour into buttered 9-in. ring mould. Place in pan of hot water and bake at 350° F. for 40 min.

Serve with creamed vegetables in centre.

SALAD DRESSING

If you're in the market for a special sauce to serve over lettuce or mixed greens, you'll like this Cottage Cheese Salad Dressing.

Combine 1 c. cottage cheese, 1 (8 oz.) tin tomato sauce, ¼ c. salad oil, ¼ c. chili sauce and 1 tsp. paprika in a bowl and beat in electric mixer until smooth. Pour into glass bottle and store in refrigerator. Shake before using. Will keep about 30 days.

Serve well chilled.

BEWARE OF A PITFALL WHEN REDECORATING THE KITCHEN

By ELEANOR ROSS

COLOUR in the kitchen is the big trend in modern decoration, but it can also be a pitfall for the amateur decorator.

A friend of ours painted the kitchen in her favourite shade—a rich rose colour. It is a lovely colour, certainly, but she liked open shelves!

When she brought home a load of groceries from the market, she discovered that the package designers hadn't considered her colour scheme. The food packages were apt to be a red-orange or brilliant yellow which played havoc with those lovely rose walls. The packages looked rather attractive in the store, but there the colour scheme is usually neutral.

Another friend went all out for a pink kitchen—everything pink, including refrigerator, stove and work counters. Now, every time she fries an egg or slices a tomato, she suffers because the colours clash. So it does pay to give much thought to a kitchen colour scheme. If you can keep all food packages hidden in cabinets and if you can match up your dish towels, pot holders and such to the general colour scheme, then okay.

Of course, the most important thing in redecorating a kitchen is to make it easy to clean. Cleanliness is essential everywhere, but especially vital in the kitchen where food is being prepared. Whatever the colour, be sure that every square inch of painted surface is washable—even scrubbable! If you have curtains or decorative window shades, be sure that they need only suds-and-water care.

Closed cabinets do protect dishes, glassware and groceries from dust, but remember that even closed shelves need regular washing.

Place your storage cabinets within easy reach, if possible, so you won't dread keeping them clean. If you have wall boards

for hanging utensils, place them so that you don't have to stretch too far to keep everything in place.

While there's a good argument for having dark tiles in the kitchen—they don't show footprints so quickly—there's another and a better argument for light-coloured flooring. A light floor is likely to show up every mark and stain so that it gets plenty of attention which means that dangerous kitchen soil isn't allowed to accumulate underfoot.

Wherever food is handled, it cannot be emphasized too strongly that immaculate cleanliness in every part of the room is essential.

You'll do well to keep a number of things in mind when you're planning a new colour scheme for the kitchen: easy cleaning, colour harmony and convenience. And don't try to copy your neighbour's kitchen, however pretty it is. You'll find it first class. She may have more than one!

Wherever food is handled, it cannot be emphasized too strongly that immaculate cleanliness in every part of the room is essential.

You'll do well to keep a number of things in mind when you're planning a new colour scheme for the kitchen: easy cleaning, colour harmony and convenience. And don't try to copy your neighbour's kitchen, however pretty it is. You'll find it first class. She may have more than one!

Wherever food is handled, it cannot be emphasized too strongly that immaculate cleanliness in every part of the room is essential.

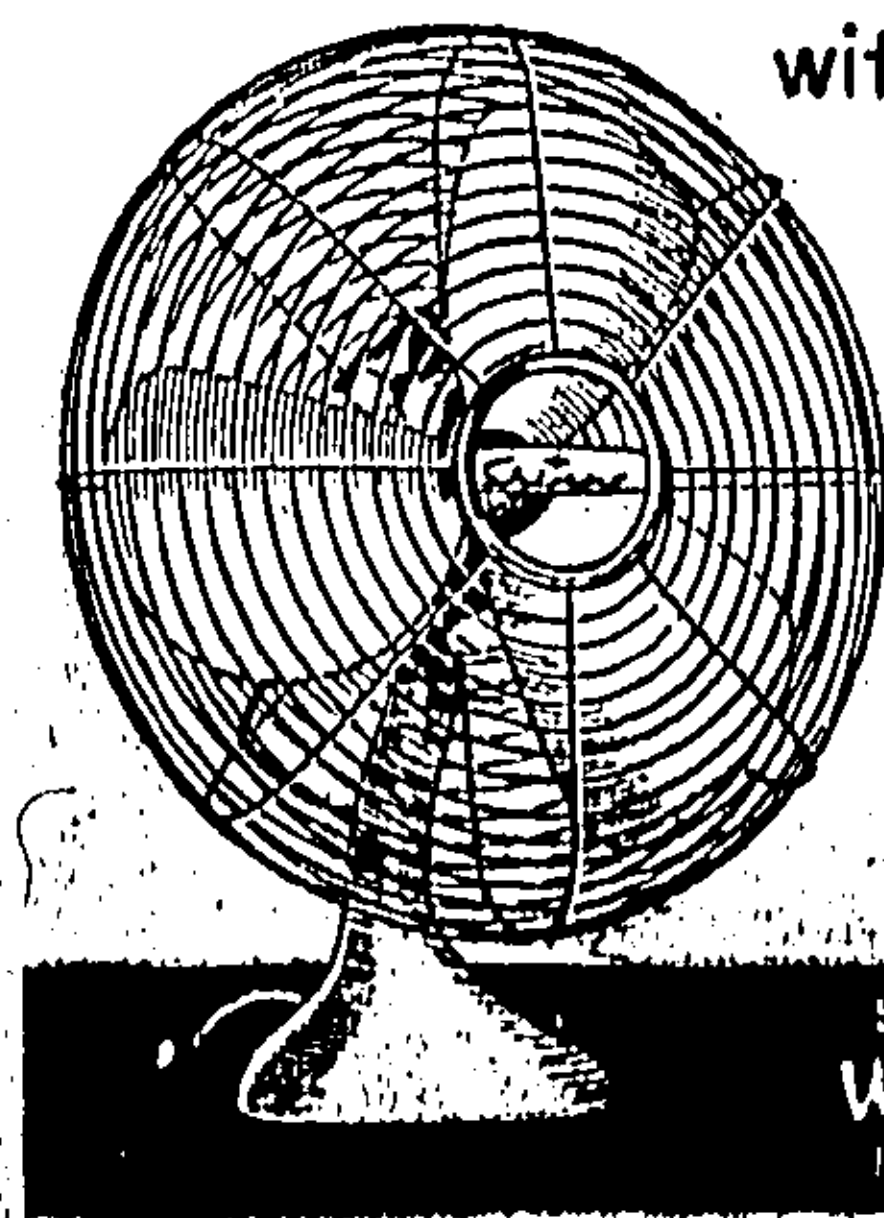
You'll do well to keep a number of things in mind when you're planning a new colour scheme for the kitchen: easy cleaning, colour harmony and convenience. And don't try to copy your neighbour's kitchen, however pretty it is. You'll find it first class. She may have more than one!

Wherever food is handled, it cannot be emphasized too strongly that immaculate cleanliness in every part of the room is essential.

You'll do well to keep a number of things in mind when you're planning a new colour scheme for the kitchen: easy cleaning, colour harmony and convenience. And don't try to copy your neighbour's kitchen, however pretty it is. You'll find it first class. She may have more than one!

More Air Delivery at Lower Cost...

with these SHINKO FANS



Distinctive Features:

- Small but powerful trouble-free motors are applied.
- Three elliptical blades noiselessly produce abundant and gentle breeze.
- Nylon gears are adopted for oscillating mechanism. Result... no gear sound.
- Strong guard with fresh impression.
- Perfect coating of top-grade varnish.

Obtainable at all electrical stores.

Shinko

TRADE MARK

SOLE AGENTS FOR HONG KONG & CHINA:
WAH MEI ELECTRIC CO., LTD.
115-117, WING LOK STREET, H.K. TEL: 23792

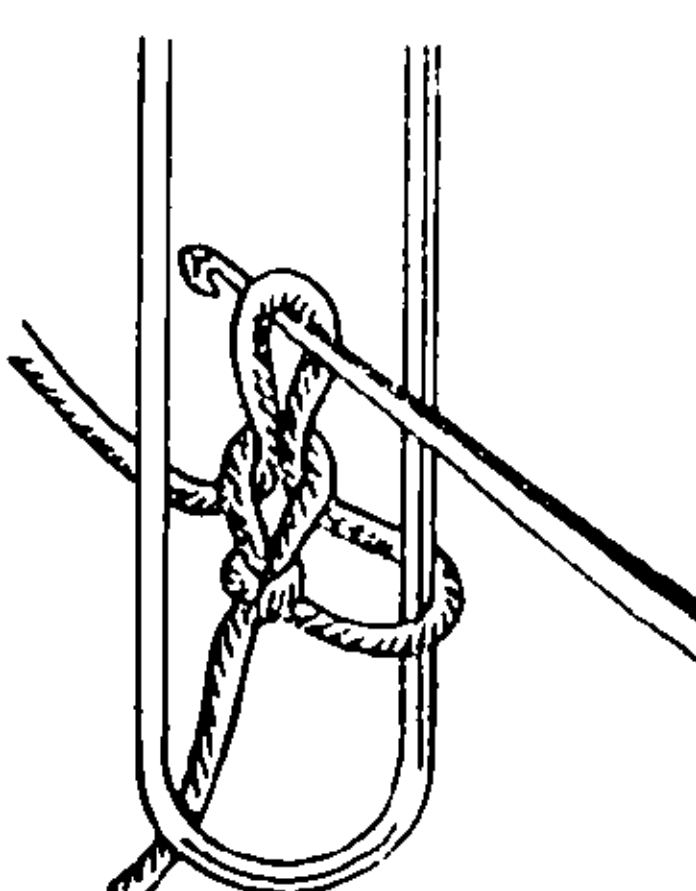
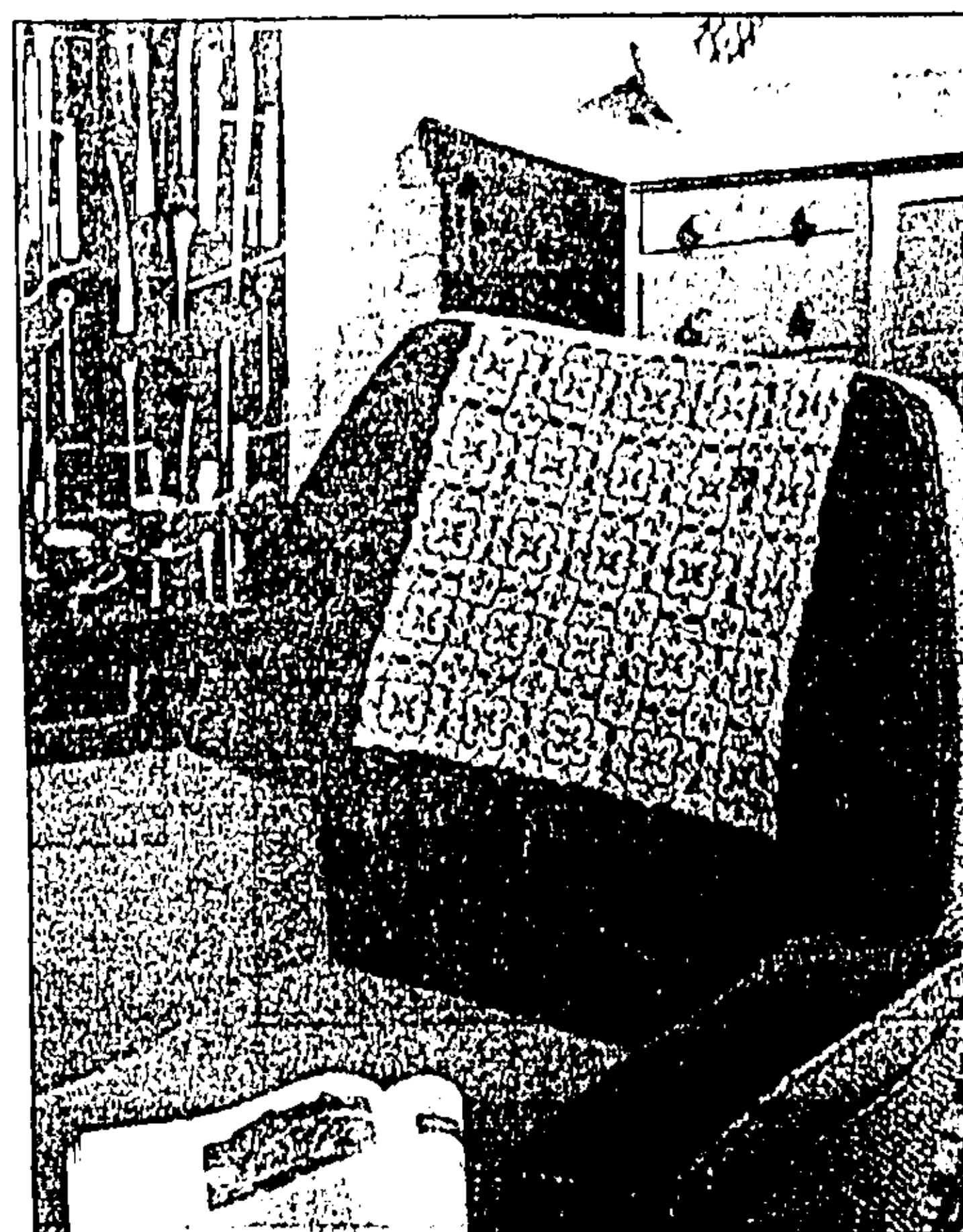


Figure 1.

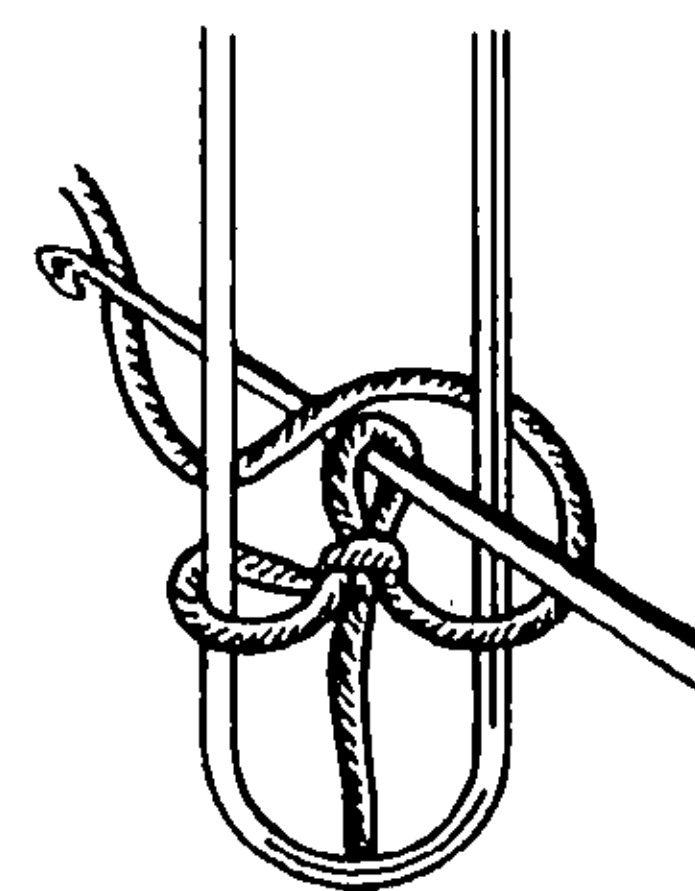


Figure 2.

plete as for first motif (no more joinings).

Make 5 rows of 8 motifs joining adjacent sides as second motif was joined to first motif (where 4 corners meet, join 3rd and 4th corners to joining of previous 2 corners).

Damp and press.

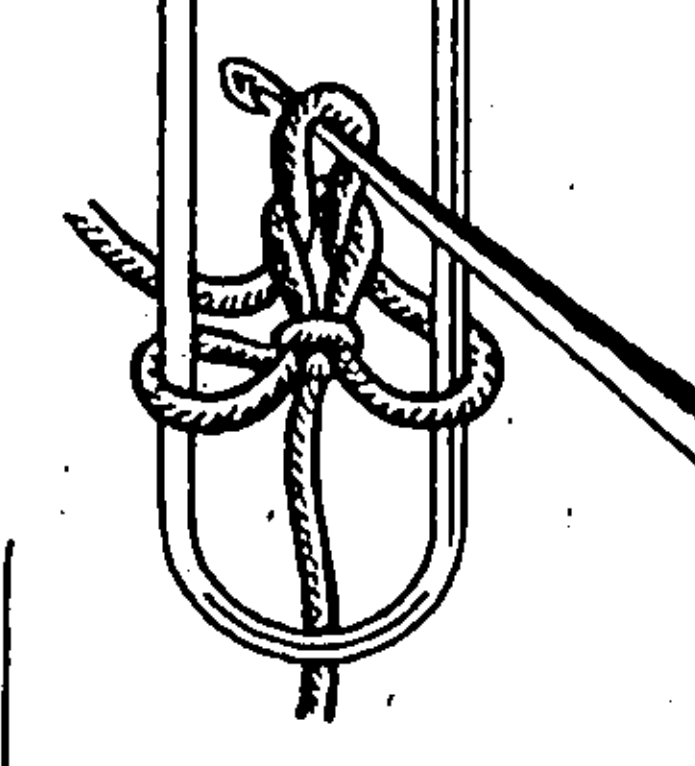


Figure 3.

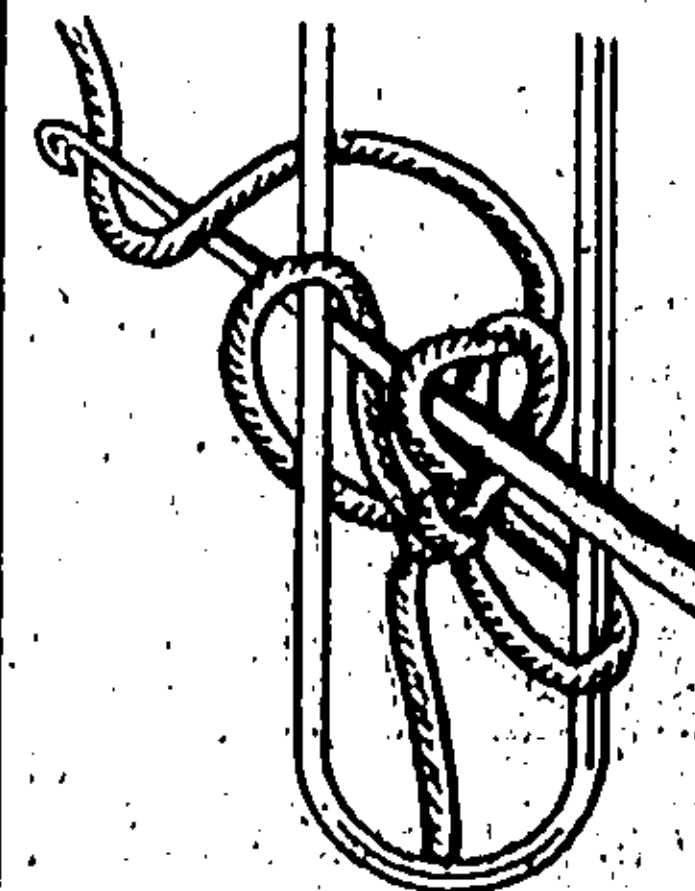
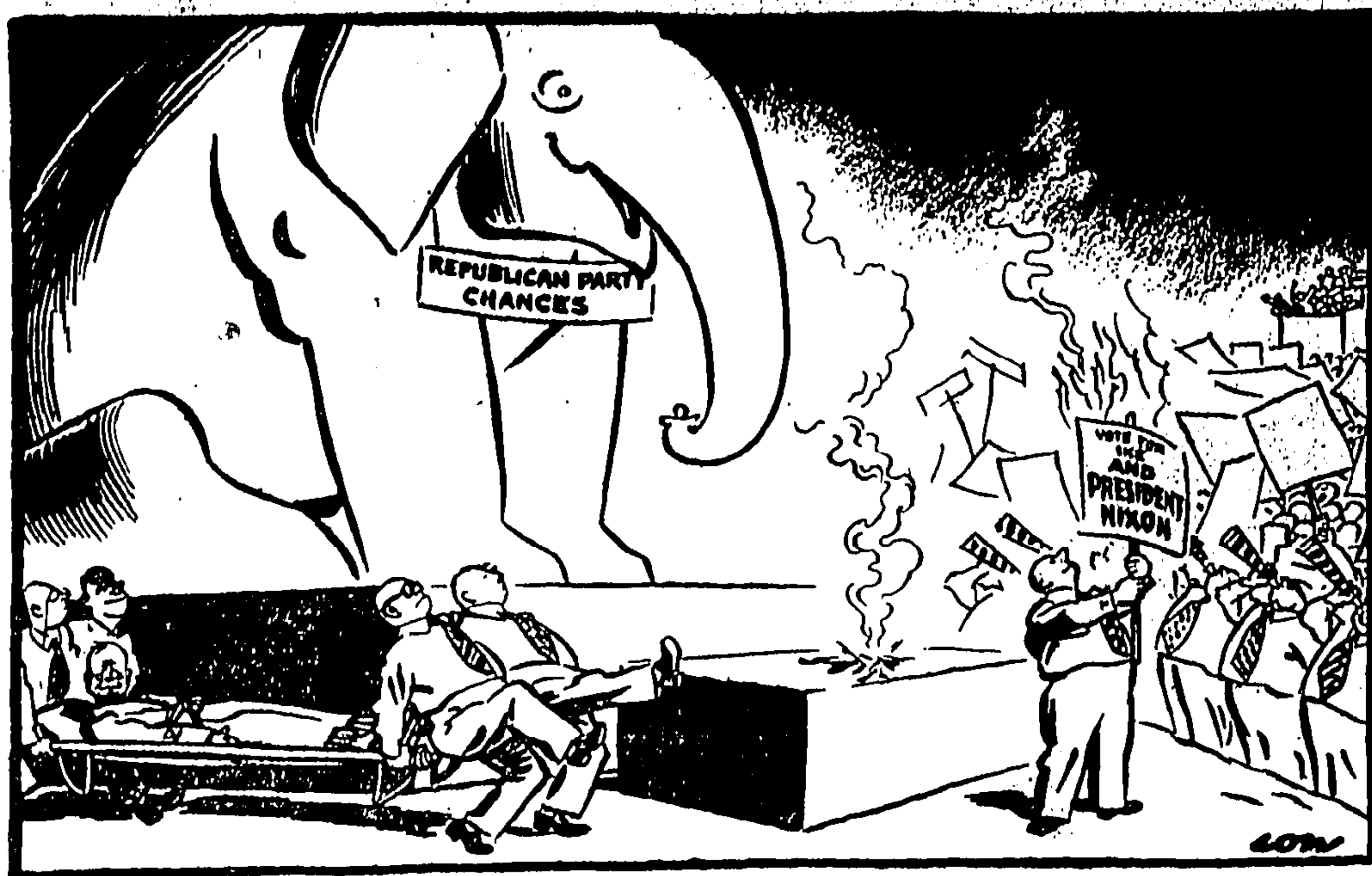


Figure 4.



SACRIFICE TO THE SACRED ELEPHANT.

World Copyright by arrangement with the Manchester Guardian

SOLOMON BANDARANAIKE BURST LIKE A BOMB OVER THE FIELD OF INTERNATIONAL POLITICS WHEN HE BECAME PRIME MINISTER OF CEYLON NOW THAT HE HAS GOT BRITAIN TO SURRENDER HER BASES, IT IS TIME TO FIND OUT WHAT HE IS LIKE, WHAT HE BELIEVES IN, AND HOW HE WILL ACT

WHERE IS BANDA LEADING CEYLON?

By LES ARMOUR

WHEN London often gives the impression that he is morally neutral as well. Bandaranaike is not a moralist. He does not like either the foreign policy of the Soviet Union, or the domestic policy of Communism—and he is prepared to say so. It also happens that he does not like the foreign policies of John Foster Dulles, and he has no intention of putting himself in a position in which he would find himself committed to those policies whether he liked it or not.

One of the difficulties about agreements like NATO and SEATO is that the militant policies of the group tend to commit the less powerful, whether they agree with them or not.

In the first place, said the pundits, Bandaranaike is obviously a nationalist: witness his attacks on foreign capital. In the second place, they reasoned, he is clearly a neutralist: witness his plan to oust Britain from her bases. Finally, they insisted, he is a Socialist of the most outrageous left-wing sort: witness his plans to nationalise foreign plantations.

This analysis appeared to be so indubitably correct that all good and righteous opponents of nationalism, neutralism, and Socialism were at once marshalled in his abuse.

It is doubtful that he will ever live down this reputation. It is even more doubtful that he wholly deserves it.

DETERMINED MAN

It is a small, bespectacled, determined man who, for the whole of his 57 years, has systematically devoted himself to the development of his own outlook on life and who, for the whole of his adult life, has systematically devoted himself to the development of his very personal political philosophy. The one against whom he has been fighting, believing that he entirely deserves his reputation can be summarised briefly.

He has constantly reminded his countrymen that, in the modern world, they cannot rely wholly on themselves. More precisely, he has told them that they cannot sit back and allow events in the world to take their course unchecked.

He has insisted that, somehow another force be developed to keep the warring West and East from destroying one another. To do this, nations must draw closer together, not farther apart.

These are not the ordinary sentiments of a "nationalist." He has no use for the William Randolph Hearst philosophy of "My country, right or wrong, but still my country."

REAL PROBLEM

The second is that the plan is not motivated by abstract Socialist principles so much as by the fact that some commercial undertakings like, for instance, foreign tea plantations put Ceylon in a difficult position. The tea industry is one which demands large-scale operations. Individual Sinhalese lack the resources to take it over. The choice is between having the island's most important single industry very largely in foreign hands and government ownership.

Other things being equal, it is not healthy for any country to have a major industry in foreign hands. The situation tends to discourage initiative and, much worse, to create political tension.

In this case, "other things" may not be equal. But the problem is a real and a special one.

Bandaranaike is not a fanatic about it. He is genuinely concerned.

The final test of his policies will have to be in their results. They do not seem to permit immediate judgment.

Is there, for instance, a real "third way" between East and



PRIME MINISTER BANDARANAIKE

West in the cold war? Bandaranaike would say that there is, simply because the West has chosen to fight a moral issue with a show of force. The issue must be fought on its own grounds.

A LONG WAY

Is his tendency to inflame national feeling and his dislike of foreign capital compatible with his ideals of international co-operation? Bandaranaike believes that Ceylon must stand on her own feet before she can make any useful contribution to the rest of the world, and that the two policies are therefore not only compatible but necessary to one another.

Is his political opportunism—e.g. his deal with the Trotskyites—compatible with his moral ideals? He believes that a united country must be his first objective. If his coalition really works, he has certainly progressed towards that end. His coalition swept 51 of the 60 seats it contested. On the other hand the current riots over Ceylon's complex language problem suggest that he still has a long way to go before he achieves a functioning union.

Of one thing there is some certainty. Solomon West Ridgeway Dias Bandaranaike is a brilliant man and an exceptionally clever politician. At Oxford (where he was a contemporary of Sir Anthony Eden) he was Secretary of the Oxford Union and defeated Malcolm MacDonald (later to become Commissioner-General for Southeast Asia) for the Junior Treasurer of the same organization. He graduated, curiously, in Classics and, afterwards, was admitted to the Bar at the Inner Temple.

In 1926, after six years away from Ceylon, he went home, studied law, and challenged the British administrative organization and was gradually replaced in the place where he had been a leader of the

Labour Party, for a seat on the Colombo Municipal Council. He won—much to everyone's surprise.

In 1931, when the Demingham Constitution gave Ceylon effective self-government, Bandaranaike walked unopposed into a seat on the State Council. Five years later, he was again elected without a contest and became Minister of Local Administration. Shortly afterwards, he became Leader of the House, and the man of the hour, with responsibility for planning parliamentary debates and organising the government's business.

PICK A CARD, SAID GUNTER

By Gerald Allen

LUCAS and I had boarded the 6.05 for home and were opening our newspapers, when Gunter climbed into the compartment.

"Ah, thought it was you two lads," he said. "Nice to have company and a bit of a chat."

A "chat" with Gunter consists of having to listen to a long explanation of how he got the better of someone who thought he was smart until he encountered the master mind. The only remedy is to talk him down. I glanced at Lucas to see whether he was in the mood to cope with the situation, but Gunter struck the first blow.

"Cigarette?" he asked jovially, handing a packet round. We accepted, and lit up. After a few draws, my cigarette suddenly bent at right angles in the middle. Gunter smiled.

"Just a little joke, old boy."

One has to make allowances for a half-wit like Gunter, but it was surprising how amused Lucas was at such a schoolboy trick. He was still laughing at my discomfiture when his own cigarette exploded. There was such a look of astonishment on his face, I couldn't help chuckling.

It was a harmless joke, and I was a bit pained to see how badly Lucas took the whole thing. Strange how the best of people are short-tempered when the joke's on them.

"No need to be so put out, my dear fellow," said Gunter. "I've caught a lot of people with

the seven of clubs anyway. You can't go wrong."

"You chaps make fun of everything," grumbled Gunter. "Not at all. It's a very simple trick," said Lucas, in an offended tone.

"Of course, if you want something more difficult, there's always the one where you bring a rabbit out of a top-hat," I said.

"Oh, I can manage that one all right," boasted the master magician.

"Don't be too ambitious at the start," I cautioned. "A friend of mine once attempted that trick and it brought

LIFE WITH ALLEN

that trick. Got quite a collection of them. All part of my new hobby—conjuring, you know."

"Conjuring?"

"Took it up to amuse my young nephews, and find I've quite a flair for it." The old idiot smirked smugly.

"I know a trick with a pack of cards. You get someone to pick one and replace it in the pack." I began.

"Amazingly original," murmured Lucas.

"YOU shuffle the cards, then throw your voice so that it

appears there's a man-eating tiger in the next room who's anxious to join the party."

"But that's ridiculous," expostulated Gunter.

"During the ensuing uneasiness, you switch off the lights."

"What happens if it's day-light?"

"You've already nailed heavy shutters to the windows, so that artificial lighting is a necessity," explained Lucas, who had swallowed his previous annoyance, and was rallying to the good cause of silencing Gunter.

"Moving swiftly through the darkness," I continued, "you deftly balance a case of stuffed birds on the head of the person who selected the card. A powerful electric torch in his face, and shout 'Your card is the seven of clubs.'"

"What happens if it's not?" asked Gunter.

"He'll be too confused to contradict you—and all the cards

disaster."

"Shocking affair," agreed Lucas.

"He'd invited a lot of friends to see his performance and was so anxious that the trick should be a success that he'd stationed rabbits in all parts of the house, in case the first rabbit let him down. There was an abundance of lettuce on the grates, but my friend absent-mindedly left it in the pantry, which was locked. The rabbits, being hungry, burrowed about all over the place, and the house collapsed just as the audience was arriving."

"Of course, my friend tried to laugh it off, and pretended that the tiger in the next room was the trick he'd intended, but the rabbits refused to support his story and he lost face in consequence. The landlord turned nasty as well."

"When you've quite finished," said Gunter stiffly, "I'll show you my latest trick. Here's a pack of cards—now you pick one."

"Is this the one with the tiger and the stuffed birds?" asked Lucas. Gunter ignored him.

"Put the card back in the pack," commanded Gunter. And when Lucas had done so, the conjurer started to shuffle the cards furiously.

"It was the king of spades," said Lucas, affably.

"You've ruined the trick," Gunter snarled. "You mustn't let anyone know what it is. Here, you pick one," he said to me.

I picked a card and replaced it. After a terrific amount of chuffing and heavy breathing, the magician announced triumphantly, "Your card was the five of hearts, sir."

"Very clever," yawned Lucas. "Am I right, sir?" the beaming Gunter asked me.

"I don't know—I didn't look." "What?"

"You didn't tell me to look at it."

"You fellows don't appreciate anything out of the ordinary," said poor old Gunter, huffily. "I don't speak to us for the rest of the journey, and when we arrived at our station bid us a very curt good-night. The last we saw of him he was trying to explain to a hard-faced ticket collector why he'd shown him the ten of diamonds instead of a season ticket."

He should be appearing in variety any time now.

(COPYRIGHT)

NEW PARTY

Then, with the coming of complete independence, he was instrumental in the founding of the United National Party—a body more concerned with the business of government than with the nationalistic aspirations which, then, were largely redundant.

The UNP formed the government of Ceylon from 1948 until this year. In 1951, however, Bandaranaike broke with the party over what he called a "fundamental divergence" of opinion.

The "fundamental divergence" covered a wide area of political theory and practice. In essence, however, he felt that the UNP had become too tame and too attached to the status quo to solve the problems of a young country rife with administrative, economic and human problems.

He felt the UNP had become too easily attached to Western foreign policy, too tied to the existing economic system. Bandaranaike formed the Sri Lanka Freedom Party and put up 47 candidates in the general election of 1952. All 47 were elected and Bandaranaike became Leader of the Opposition.

VITAL FACTOR

After a four-year sniping war with the government, he bolstered his forces by teaming up with two small splinter parties and a group of independents. They costed easily into power. It is not easy for one man to form a new party and lead it to power in four years in any country—even a comparatively young one. Bandaranaike's single-minded determination was, no doubt, the vital factor.

But he also knows how to relax at the right time. Relaxed, pipe in hand, he can talk easily on most subjects. He can put almost any visitor at ease with a few words, charm his enemies with an easy smile and an apparent willingness to come to reasonable terms on anything but the things he regards as absolutely fundamental.

He still plays a good game of tennis regularly, and takes as much time as he can to relax with his wife (a daughter of one of the old royal families of Ceylon), his three children and his dogs.

However, wrong-headed policies may ultimately turn out to be his enemies will at least find him amenable to reason and entertaining to deal with.

RUSSIA'S ACE ATOM MAN

From DONALD LUDLOW

Washington. RUSSIA'S greatest nuclear scientist, Dr Peter L. Kapitsa, held under house arrest for seven years on Stalin's orders, has been restored to favour and freedom. U.S. scientists just returned from Moscow have reported.

Kapitsa clashed with Stalin because he refused to devote his talents exclusively to the development of nuclear weapons. He told Stalin that he alone must be judge of what directions his research must follow.

Stalin's answer was to bar him from the Moscow laboratories specially built for his use, remove him from his post as Director of the Institute of Physical Problems, and place him under guard in his home in Zvenigorod, a West Moscow suburb.

Now Kapitsa, cleared of all restrictions, is back in his job as a leading figure in Russian nuclear research. The American scientists who met him and were guests at his home are Professor F. Kip of the University of California, Charles Bean of the General Electric Company and Dr Richard M. Borchert of the Bell Telephone Laboratories.

According to Dr Borchert, Kapitsa was not alone in incurring Stalin's enmity. Several other physicists were arrested and barred from research, some even being exiled to Siberia. All these men are now back in their jobs.

Western scientists were strongly impressed by the quality and scope of Russian nuclear research, and the training of new men.

Said Dr Borchert: "They seem to have unlimited money to spend and their equipment is very good. I would like to have some of it."

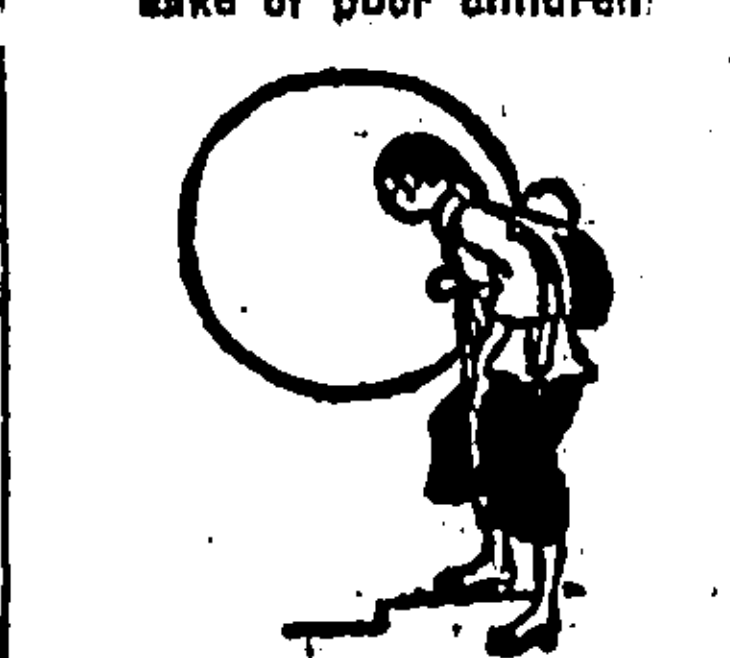
"The Western visitors were also impressed at the freedom of their personal and scientific contacts with the Russians. They were shown everything they wanted to see and there was no restriction on conversations."

1790
SANDERMAN
SCOTCH WHISKY
The King of Whiskies
Available everywhere \$16.50 per Bottle
Sole Agents: DODWELL & CO., LTD.

FANS.
JUB TAI CHOON FAN FTY.
234 QUEEN'S ROAD, C.
HONG KONG
TEL. 37081 CABLE: 8170

H.K.S.P.C.

Needs financial support for the sake of poor children.



Please address communications:—Secretary, Hongkong Society for the Protection of Children, P.O. Box 2502 Hongkong.

Please send us your unwanted toys. Collection Centre at Adiffusion.

WATER IS PRECIOUS USE IT WISELY

BOOTH'S "House of Lords"

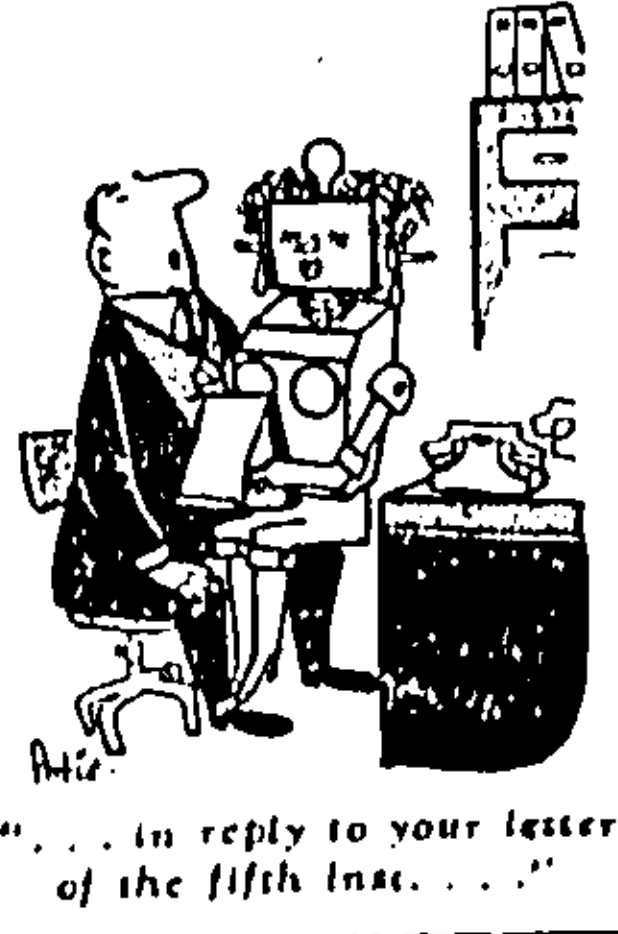


DRY GIN

The essential Ingredient of a Perfect Dry Martini.

Sole Distributors: GARDNER, MACDONALD & CO., LTD.

ARTIE...



What Makes Mantovani Sound Like Mantovani? Why.....Mr Binge!

If you listen to any music show you must have become familiar with the words: "That item was arranged by 'So and so'."

But hardly any listener understands the real value of "So and so's" contribution.

CYRIL STAPLETON'S Column

I'll show you. Last year Mantovani earned 80,000 dollars from America alone on public appearances and record sales, and all because of an arranger's idea.

Glenn Miller became a dollar millionaire, all because of an arranger's idea. His trick was a relatively simple one, he replaced the first alto saxophone in a five-piece sax section with a clarinet. This gave his music a completely different and instantly recognisable sound.

The Trick

In the case of Mantovani, the arranger's name was Ronnie Binge. His trick was to invent a new way of scoring for strings, which made them sound as though they were playing in a big, echoing hall. Through that idea, Mantovani has become one of the most famous musical celebrities in the world because he is one of the few orchestras which are recognisable by their individual sound.

Once that sound has been thought of it's easy for other arrangers to imitate in a similar style. Since 1952 Mantovani has been writing all his own arrangements, while Ronnie Binge has turned band leader. Maybe you've heard some of his broadcasts on the B.B.C. Very good they have been too.

Unfortunately, Ronnie hasn't managed to invent a musical trademark for himself as easily distinguishable as the one he created for Mantovani.

fore, with his record selling the way it is, he could collect several thousand pounds.

Often the arranger is the back-room boy behind the recordings of a famous vocal artist. For instance, Frank Sinatra has Axel Stordahl and Nelson Riddle. Guy Mitchell has Mitch Miller. Ruby Murray has Ray Martin.

How much do these men contribute to the success of their artists? A great deal, I should say. I think the reason Sinatra's album "Songs for Swingin' Lovers" is selling as well as it is because the orchestral arrangements are so perfectly suited to Frankie's mood.

One of my favourite examples of the arrangers' art is the Billy May L.P. "S-T-R-I-M-E". Billy is of course well known to everyone as the band leader-arranger who introduced a new style of dance-band writing five or six years ago, but did you know he is also the man behind the scenes in many of America's famous bands?

Billy May writes arrangements for L.A. Brown, Ray Anthony, and many others. He's just recorded a couple of vocal backgrounds L.A. Helen Forrest on Capitol.

The titles are "Taking A Chance On Love" and "I Love You Much Too Much". He also plays the part of himself in a film which is just a general release called "Nightmare".

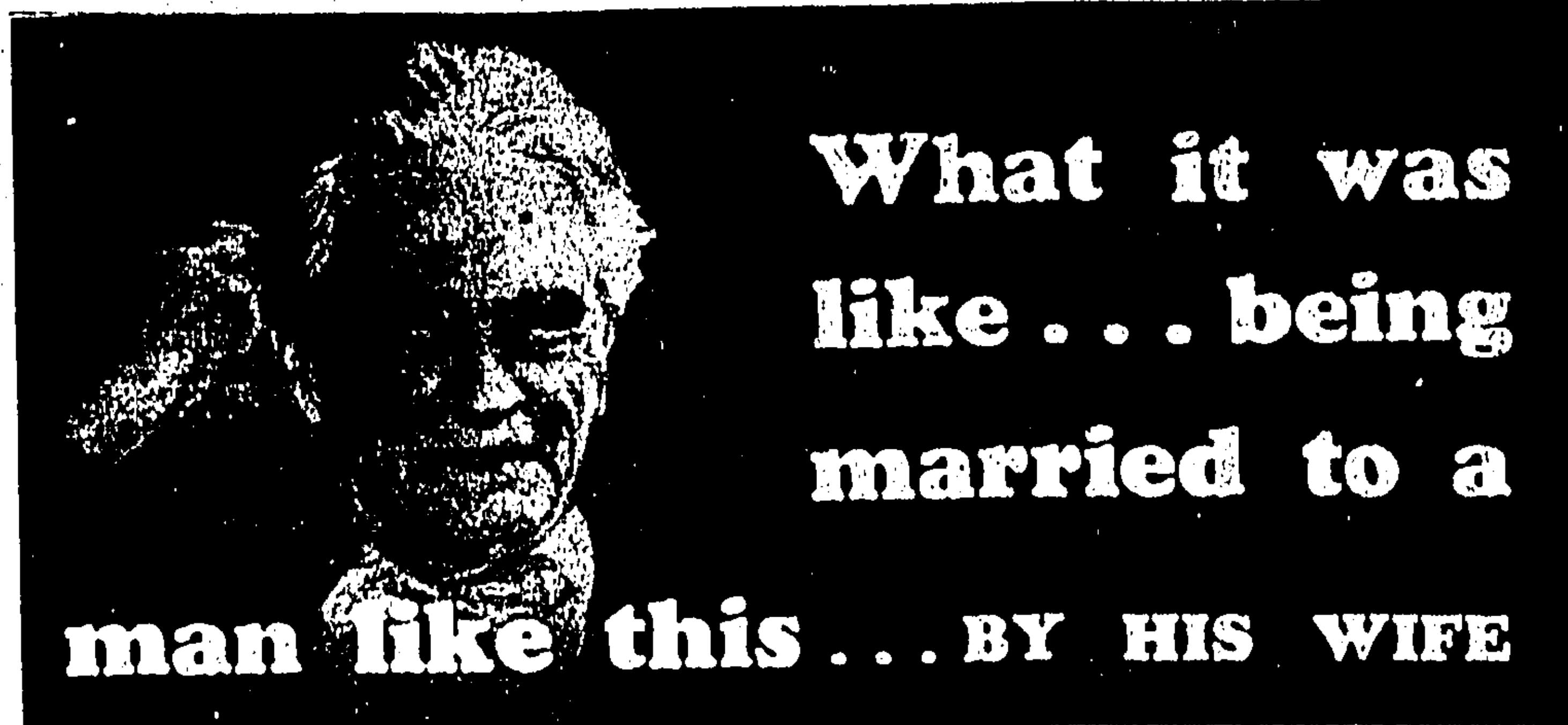
The Top Ten

1. "I'll Be Home," Pat Boone (London)
2. "A L L S T A R H I T P A R A D E" (Decca)
3. "HEARTBREAK HOTEL," Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
4. "I'M WALKING BACKWARDS FOR CHRISTMAS/BLUE BOTTLE BLUES," The Goons (Decca)
5. "WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE?" Teen Aegers (Columbia)
6. "HOT DIGGITY," Perry Como (H.M.V.)
7. "LOST JOHN," Lonnie Donegan (Pye-Nika)
8. "EXPERIMENTS WITH MICE," Johnny Dankworth (Parlophone)
9. "WAYWARD WIND," Gogi Grant (London)
10. "MY SEPTEMBER LOVE," David Whitfield (Decca)

Sinatra's Men

SOMETIMES the arranger is working for himself and stands to make a much better return for his work as in the case of Johnny Dankworth and his recording of "Experiments With Mice".

On this record Johnny is arranger, conductor, musician, band leader, and as the tune is non-opyright, Johnny also collects the composers' fees. There-



NANCY SPAIN'S SATURDAY BOOK COLUMN

THE World's Most Perfect Woman married the Father of Physical Culture, a man who was still making parachute jumps at the age of 85.

Together they loved, quarrelled, made a £10,000,000 fortune from such magazines as True Story and Physical Culture.

They had seven children whose names all begin with "B". They divorced. And now, Mrs. Mary Macfadden, who for 32 nightmare years, shared the life of Bernard Macfadden of The Body Beautiful, has told her True Story. It is called DUMB BELLS AND CARROT STRIPS (Gollancz, 18/-).

And what was it like? Holy Matrimony with this indestructible Tycoon of the Gymnastics? Well, Mrs. Macfadden puts her case very well.

HER IDEA... HE

PINCHED IT

SHE met him when she was 19, innocent, healthy girl of 19. She had won a £100 prize offered by him for The Perfect Woman. He never forgot her. He took her on tour in his Muscle Show, married her instead.

He put her through absolute hell. She had to dive 60 feet from Brighton pier, and do similar acrobatics before the crowds twice nightly. She had the idea for True Story, he pinched it.

By the time they had had seven children and he was a millionaire (employing no less a person than Fulton Oursler as an editor) their marriage was just about on the rocks.

They went to Europe, where Macfadden met Mussolini. Then he shouted "Woman!

You and the children are no longer necessary to my success." And Mary Macfadden was at last on her own.

So that was the end of her horrible life of carrot strips and dumb-bell exercises, of glasses of water for breakfast, no tea.

His second wife said he was "cruel and inhuman." So he was. He was also a little bit crazy. When, at the age of 85, he made a parachute jump on his birthday he said: "I feel as fresh as a cucumber."

He always signed himself "Yours vitally." He didn't read books. He wrote them instead. He never ate unless he was hungry. He tried and failed to become President of the U.S.A. He wore his hair long and floating, frequently grinning to make sure his face "wasn't getting off." He changed his name from Bernard to Bernard because it had more "Adam Power." He was indeed an old horror. What killed him in the end?

Coldly, ruthlessly, a dose of poison. He had fallen behind in his alimony payments to the second and third Mrs. Macfaddens. When ordered to pay by the court, he again failed. So he was gaoled for contempt. The prison diet gave him jaundice. So I suppose you could say it was married life killed him.

MacCOLL HAS THE ANSWERS

ANYWAY, Mary Macfadden's book, I may say, is a model of all that non-fiction should be, even according to the Rules of Journalism, as laid down by brilliant, witty 51-year-old colleague Rene MacColl in DEADLINE AND DATELINE (Oldbourne Press 15/-), the story of his reporting life. I get lots of letters from youngsters asking how to be a journalist. Well, MacColl has all the answers:

NEVER break a confidence; be afraid to make a statement; reveal a source; talk about your "exclusive"; neglect a contact; overestimate a "social" contact;

write anything which you will regret; try to score off anybody — just write facts; lose your sense of proportion.

ALWAYS refuse to be told anything "off the record"; assume that everyone has an enormous natural; remember "news, not views"; be sympathetic; remember that the cliché comes when you are pressed for time; remember that cynicism and boredom are the enemies, honesty and zest your allies.

And above all, says MacColl: "Have fun! I do..."

write anything which you will regret; try to score off anybody — just write facts; lose your sense of proportion.

ALWAYS refuse to be told anything "off the record"; assume that everyone has an enormous natural; remember "news, not views"; be sympathetic; remember that the cliché comes when you are pressed for time; remember that cynicism and boredom are the enemies, honesty and zest your allies.

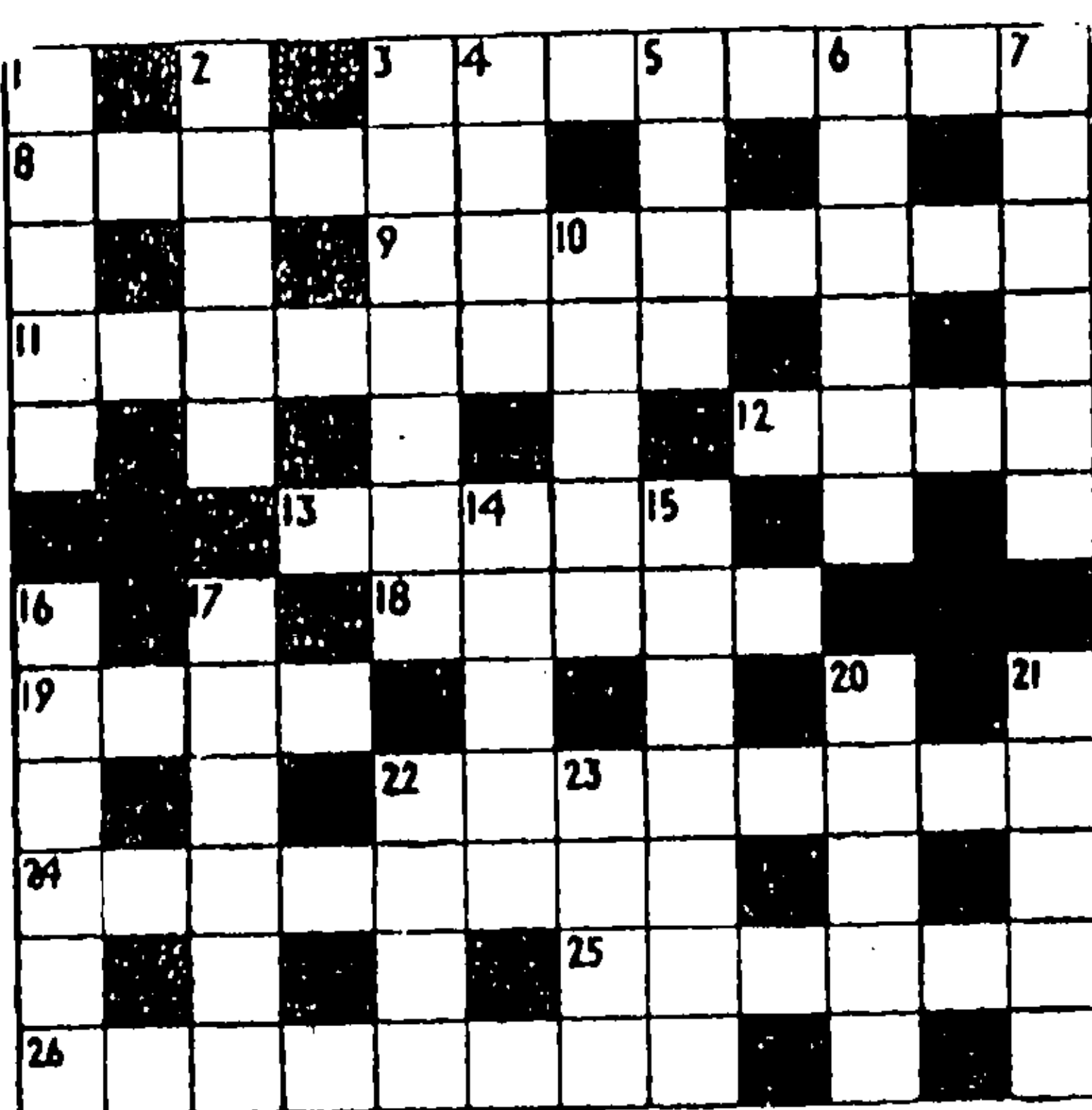
And above all, says MacColl: "Have fun! I do..."

MacCOLL HAS THE ANSWERS

ANYWAY, Mary Macfadden's book, I may say, is a model of all that non-fiction should be, even according to the Rules of Journalism, as laid down by brilliant, witty 51-year-old colleague Rene MacColl in DEADLINE AND DATELINE (Oldbourne Press 15/-), the story of his reporting life. I get lots of letters from youngsters asking how to be a journalist. Well, MacColl has all the answers:

NEVER break a confidence; be afraid to make a statement; reveal a source; talk about your "exclusive"; neglect a contact; overestimate a "social" contact;

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 3 Love affairs (8).
- 8 Hang around (6).
- 9 Pretend illness (8).
- 10 Solaced (8).
- 11 Unfettered (4).
- 12 Headquarters (5).
- 13 Tension (5).
- 14 Way out (4).
- 22 Link (8).
- 24 Equip (8).
- 25 Grumble (8).
- 26 Goes before (8).

DOWN

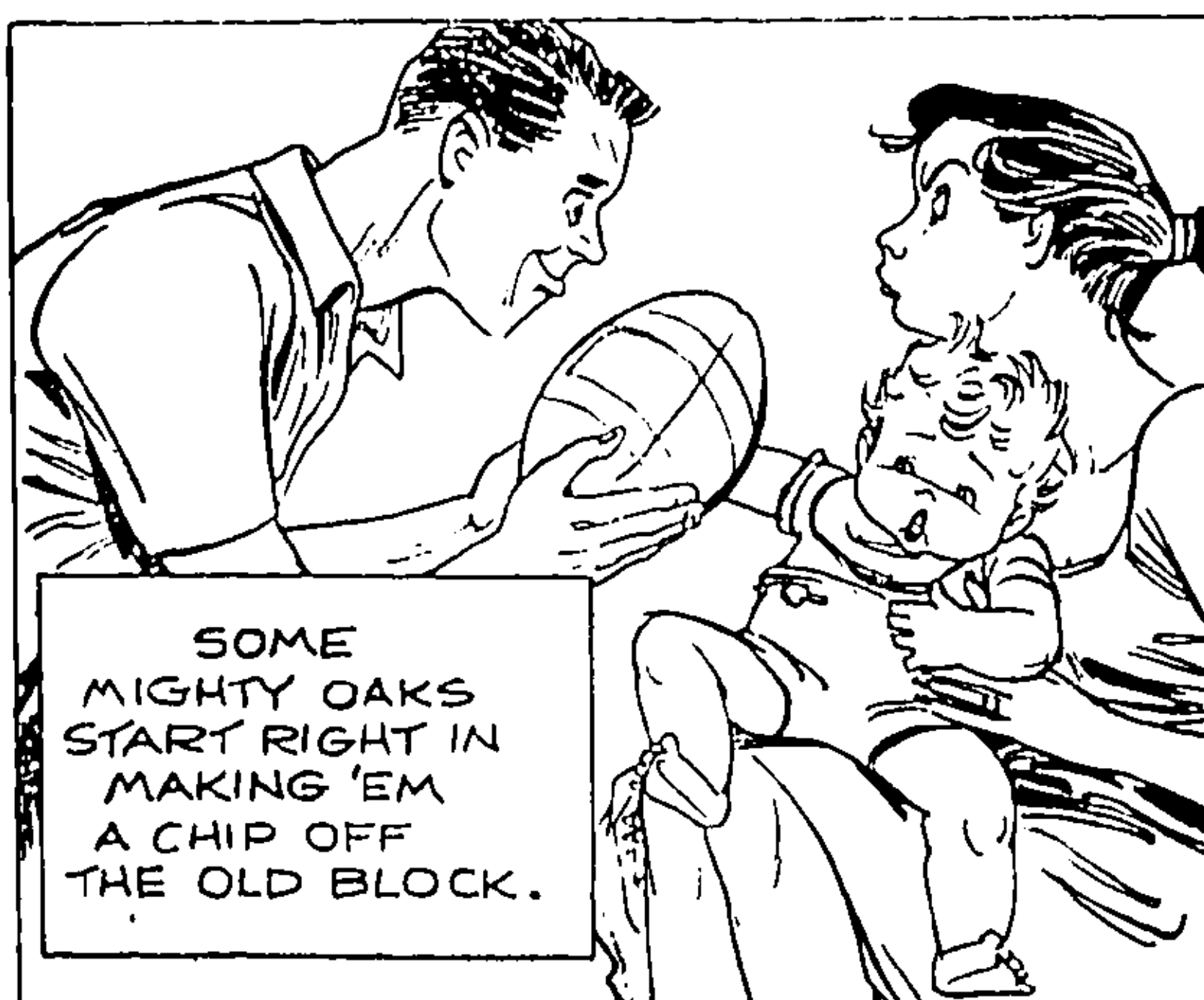
- 1 Loose (5).
- 2 Symbols (7).
- 3 Shifts (7).
- 4 Spoken (4).
- 5 Greedy (4).
- 6 Smokes (6).
- 7 Thoroughfare (6).
- 10 Fruit (5).
- 14 Turning-point (5).
- 15 Anneals (7).
- 16 Run away (8).
- 17 Ring (6).
- 20 Diminished by (5).
- 21 Concur (5).
- 22 Heal (4).
- 23 Impulse (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 3 Missionary, 7 Alibi, 8 Niggards, 10 Orison, 13 Remorse, 15 Rose, 17 Anger, 18 Valiant, 20 Axel, 21 Erected, 26 Entire, 27 Discreet, 28 Raise, 29 Leniency. Down: 1 Major, 2 Minin, 3 Minor, 4 Nigh, 5 Mirror, 6 Risked, 9 Insane, 11 Relax, 12 Solid, 14 Entree, 15 React, 16 Sewer, 18 Vandal, 19 Lessen, 22 Entry, 23 Timid, 24 Deter, 25 True.

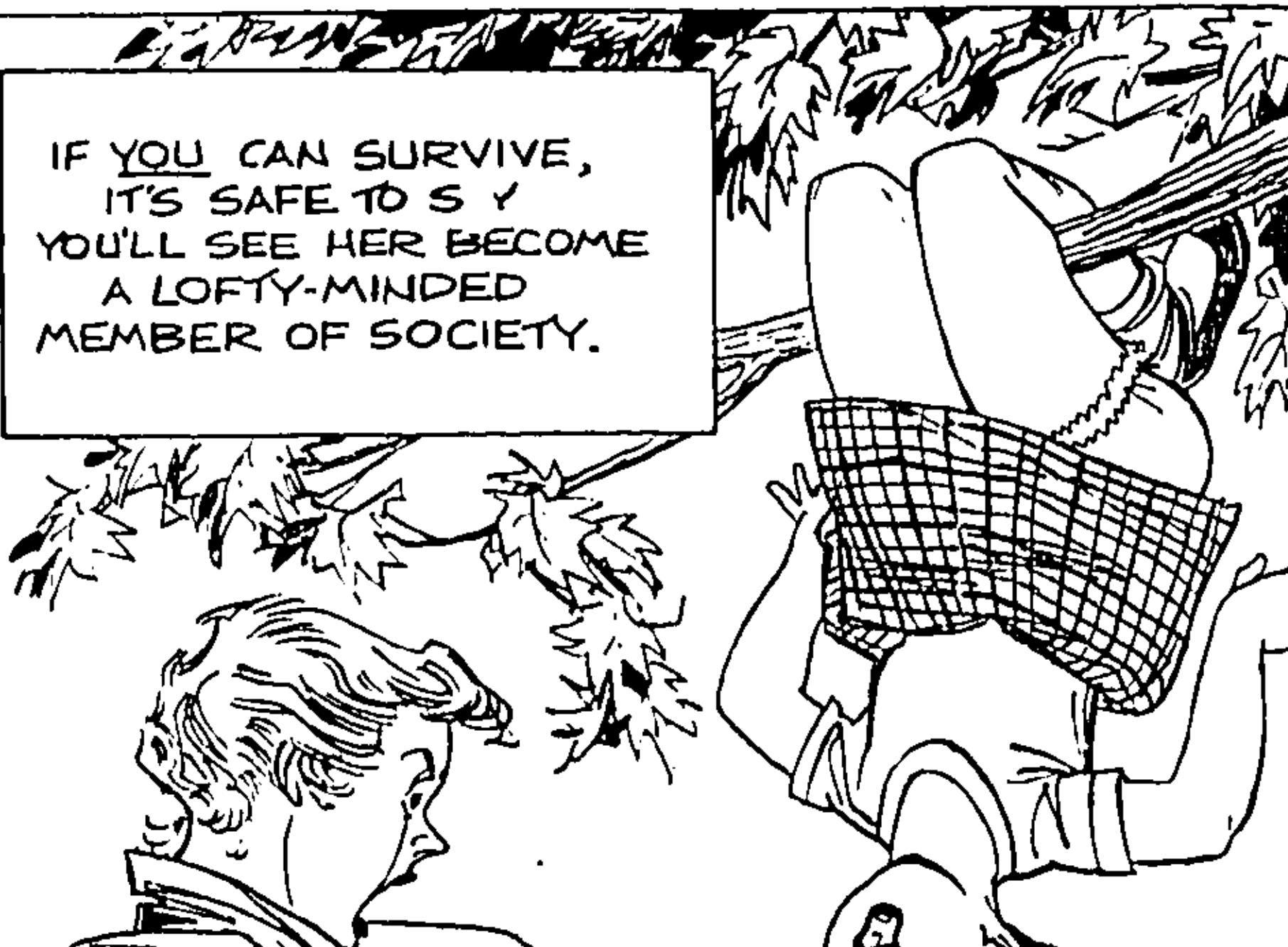
VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Watching Little Acorns Grow

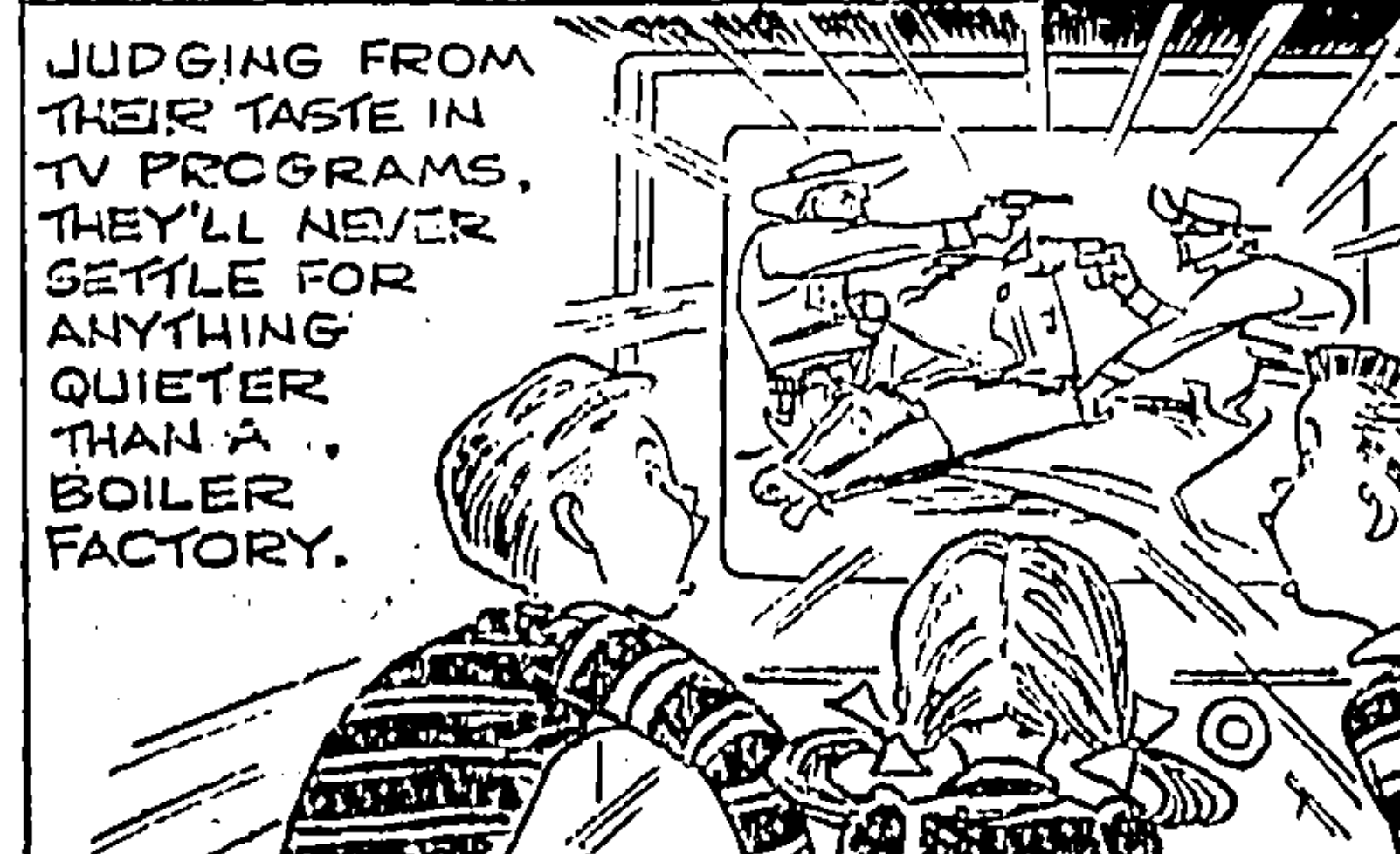
BY HARRY WEINERT



SOME MIGHTY OAKS START RIGHT IN MAKING 'EM A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK.



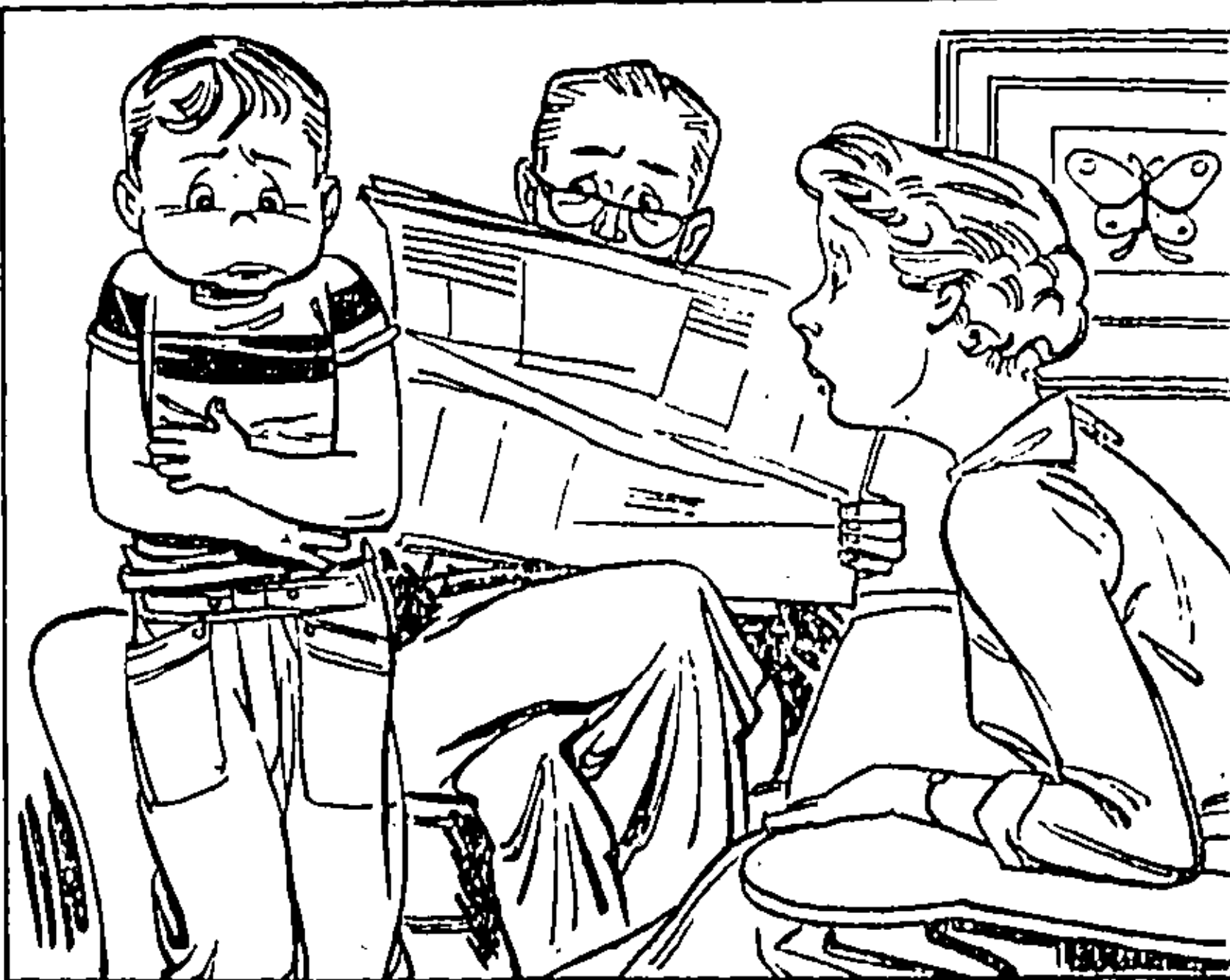
IF YOU CAN SURVIVE, IT'S SAFE TO SAY YOU'LL SEE HER BECOME A LOFTY-MINDED MEMBER OF SOCIETY.



JUDGING FROM THEIR TASTE IN TV PROGRAMS, THEY'LL NEVER GET OFF FOR ANYTHING QUIETER THAN A BOILER FACTORY.



IF HE SPENDS HIS TIME DECORATING THE WALLS IT MEANS HE'S GOING TO BE AN ARTIST—AND THAT A BITTER PILL FOR ANY PARENT TO SWALLOW.



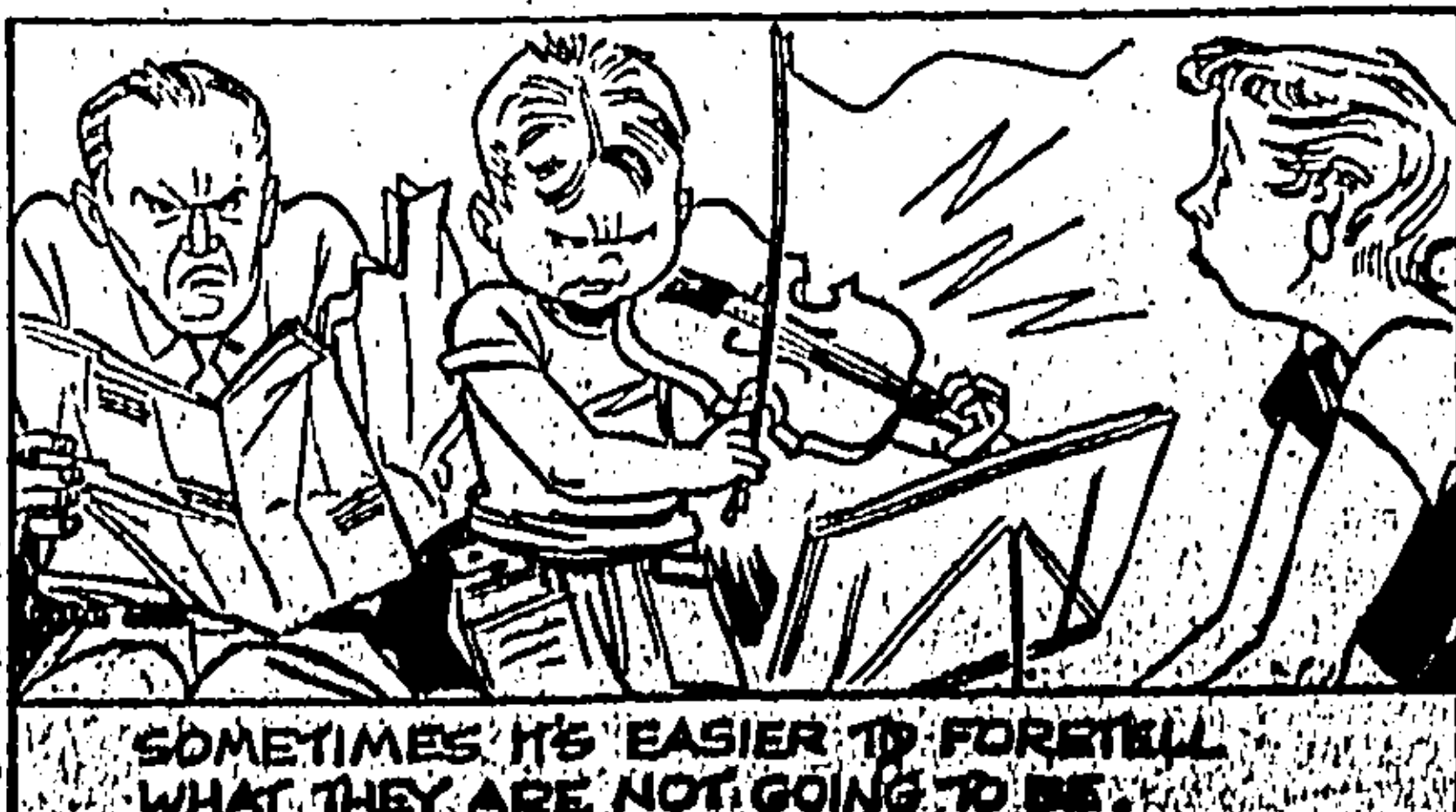
MAYBE YOU HAVE A BUDDING SCIENTIST IN THE HOME—ONE WITH A TALENT FOR RESEARCH, WHO, IF HE IS FORBIDDEN TO EAT SOMETHING, MAKES HIS OWN TESTS AND EXPERIMENTS



THE SIGNS INDICATE A KEEN INTEREST IN FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.



ACTRESSES ARE BORN, NOT MADE.



SOMETIMES IT'S EASIER TO FORETELL WHAT THEY ARE NOT GOING TO BE.

MASTER WORK

Balzac, it is said, based this novel, generally regarded as a master work on a particular theme, on his own unhappy commercial experience.

Biotreau had come to Paris at the age of 14, had become a businessman in his own right in his early twenties and had already reached a position of respect among Parisian shopkeepers as a referee of the Commercial Court and as a Member of the Legion of Honour, when his troubles began.

Unfortunately for him he had some money to invest and he was advised to put this into building lots. He knew what there was to be known in those days of the business of a performer — Balzac even credited him with being the first man to embark on modern advertising methods on a grand scale — but he knew little of the real estate and banking business. He came up against unscrupulous dealing completely foreign to his experience, and was simple enough to believe that nobody would stoop so low as to wish to ruin a Member of the Legion of Honour.

ONE ENEMY

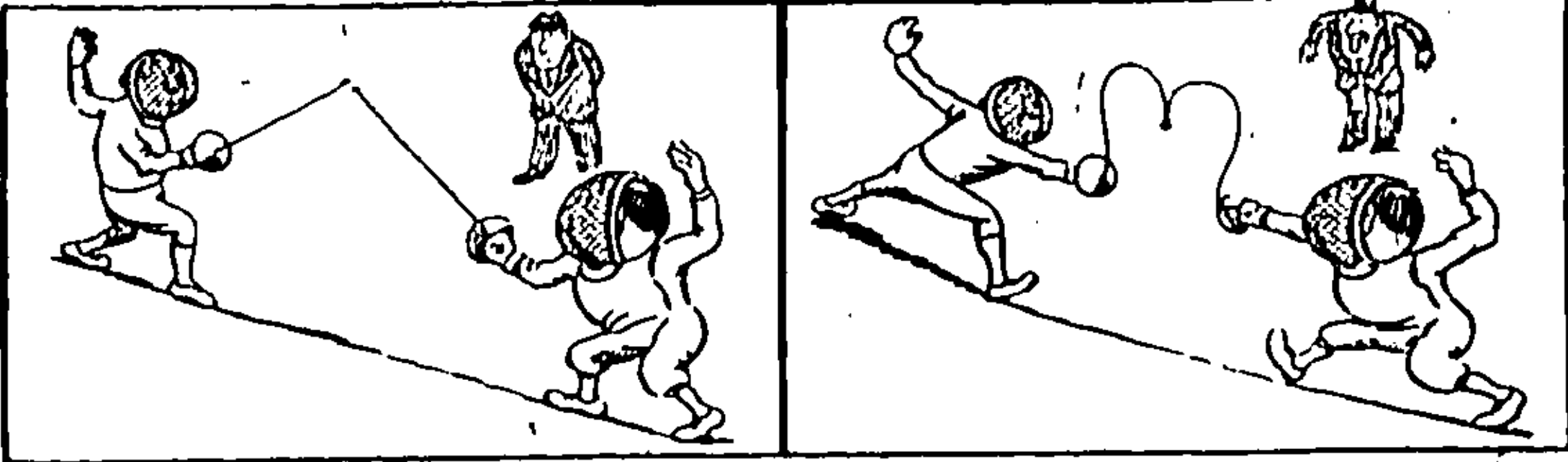
He had, to begin with, only one enemy, whom he had caught in the act of rifling his petty cash box and had further enraged by treating with Christian charity. When the crash came Biotreau discovered that his years of fair dealing were not to be considered in the balance against the coffee-shop ruminations that his financial position was precarious.

Balzac treats every situation with scrupulous fairness. The reader discovers eventually that most of the men who helped ruin Biotreau were more gully of panic than heartlessness, and there were some who refused to be partners to this panic and stood by Biotreau.

Balzac reminds his readers, with some memorable pen sketches of the characters in the tale, forsooth narrative and showed analysis, that it takes all kinds to make a world. Even if this story was written nearly 150 years ago, it is still extremely readable.

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



CRICKET IS LOSING ITS GRIP; MORE AND MORE EMPTY BENCHES

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

I am prepared to wager that back home in Australia more people were excited and delighted over the Wimbledon triumphs of Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall than Ian Johnson's surprise Test victory at Lord's. This may astonish those people who still fondly imagine that every Aussie youngster is born with a bat or ball in his hand.

Cricket interest in Australia is waning alarmingly. I was shocked to note the change when last I was home. The youngsters nowadays are tennis mad. Cricket is a very poor second. And quite frankly, as one who believes there is far more character building influence in it than tennis, I am rather alarmed.

I don't think the swing is quite as evident in England. Cricket is definitely losing ground in public esteem—but tennis is not taking over quite so clearly. Back home I suppose our weather is helping the swing. More important than that, I think, is the new build-up of players like Hoad and Rosewall.

After all, these boys are world class figures and have been for four years. Yet they are still only 21. Day after day they have been hitting the headlines, and I am perfectly sure Australian youngsters are wrapped up in their triumph progress. That means that, subconsciously perhaps, every kid feels that he may well be a potential Hoad or Rosewall, and so it's the tennis racket for him.

Apart from the honour and the glory of National Championships all over the world, I know that every Aussie has a considerable interest in hard cash. And in big tennis these days it can be really big hard cash. Why, only last week I read that Hoad has turned down a £32,000 offer to turn professional. Can you wonder that children, and their parents, are being influenced and that that influence is showing itself more and more in the empty benches at our currently dull, five-day-a-week cricket?

FANCY CHANGES

I don't know what the answer is. I don't want to see any fancy changes in the game of cricket. There is too much character, too much quality, too much tradition and experience in it for that. But I think something will have to be done soon.

Lots of people disagree with me when I argue that despite its essential team quality crowd-pulling cricket is a matter of personalities—successful, colourful personalities—just as is the more individual game of tennis. Before the war, Aussie cricketers looked to be like Bradman, Wally Hammond, Harold Larwood, Bill O'Reilly. They remembered those names long after any of the games results.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Name the losing finalists in the Men's and Women's Singles Championships at Wimbledon this year.
2. What have these in common, Vanwall, Connaught and Ferrari?
3. He is 41 years old and last week was recalled to represent his country after a break of five years. Name please.
4. A 27-year-old this time, Champion of Britain, has just retired. Who is he?
5. Catch-as-catch-can and Greco-Roman are two forms of one sport. Name the sport.
6. Nationalities please of these famous sportsmen, Peter Thomson, Kurt Nielsen and Mario D'Agata.
7. What have these sportsmen in common, Ron Delany, Jim Bailey and Lazzio Tabat?
8. At an international sports event in Britain, this month victories were gained by a canvas. Which was the event?
9. How many 'Leis' is a player allowed in lawn tennis?
10. In cricket, is a batsman out if the ball is disturbed or must it be completely removed?

CRICKET CLINIC?

I often wonder if it wouldn't be a good idea to organise a cricket clinic at our big games. The kids would love the free coaching and their dads would like the close-up demonstration as well. It could be done in some spot away from the main play by the players not actually engaged. Certainly during the many rainy spells it could be a welcome way of stimulating interest.

Of course it would demand a certain amount of trouble. But surely the game is worth any amount of that. One of the troubles of cricket today is that too few are prepared to take the trouble to keep it in step with modern times.

The recall of Cyril Washbrook to the England team at 41 certainly set the cricket pavilions agog the other week. Everybody wishes Cyril well, for he is a fine player and a character. But few, in the game, feel that it was a kind thing to ask him to do—especially as he is one of the selectors. I hope he has conformed, every breath of cricket. If he has he has beaten the odds which must weigh heavily against the man with 41 trying to pick up Test cricket where he left off a full five years ago.

I reckon a batsman goes "over the top" around 35, and a bowler around 30. But for most folk 30 is the peak, and after that a break is not easy to sustain. That's why Cris-

was given more than an ordinary tough job.

COACHING HINT:

Can you hit against the break? I'm often asked this question. The answer is—of course you can. It's safer to play your shot with the spin than you can do it the other way. Cyril Washbrook and Everton Weekes often do it. Especially against off spinners who pack their leg field. But the big point is that they give themselves room to make the shot. They move well away—towards square leg—and hit the ball as it turns into them. It isn't a shot I recommend but if you must play it your footwork must be good enough to give you room.

(COPYRIGHT)

LEAGUE BOWLS

KCC START THEIR UPHILL FIGHT TODAY TO STAY IN CHAMPIONSHIP RACE

By "TOUCHER"

Kowloon Cricket Club start their uphill fight this afternoon for the receding Colony First Division Lawn Bowls League title when they take on Recreo at King's Park.

The Cricket Club bowlers fell down badly last week from their favourable position by losing to Kowloon Bowling Green Club by 4-1 to allow Craighengower to increase their lead as the contestants come into the final stretch.

Despite this setback, the Kowloonites are still within reach of the Division title. They will, however, have to collect at least 21 points from their remaining five tough matches which include two against Recreo and one against IRC "Blues".

They must win this afternoon's game by at least a 4-1 margin to give themselves a 40-60 chance of overtaking Craighengower in the final reckoning. A 4-1 defeat for them will mean that they will have to win all their outstanding matches by a 5-0 margin each—an almost impossible task.

Both Recreo and Kowloon Cricket Club will take to the green with reshuffled line-ups this afternoon. Recreo will have their three usual skips, C. E. Passon, Jackie Noronha and Johnny Ribeiro, but will field two new players in C. P. Bate, F. X. M. Silva and a new No. 3 in E. M. Alarcoun.

TACTICAL LINE-UP

Kowloon Cricket Club appear to be putting up a tactical line-up against Recreo, obviously going out for a 4-1 win. Hong Sing's four with Charlie Thompson, J. Tang and J. Chubb as front men seem to be good for one point.

Should Furley Kerman's four, who have been playing extremely well as a team during the last few weeks, be able to maintain their form, the Cricket Club should be able to collect at least four points from this game.

Their third rink of D. Phillips, M. J. Divedia, J. Duffield and W. Gaffney will be playing together for the first time and seem to me the weakest of the three. Though probably intended as a sacrifice rink, this combination may yet surprise.

The IRC "Blues" suffered a more devastating loss than KCC last week-end by losing to Talook by five points to nil. As a result of this defeat their chances of coming out at the top of the final League table are almost nil.

They must not only win all their remaining four matches with maximum points but also wait for either Craighengower to drop one point or KCC to drop five points in the two clubs' outstanding games. Against the Filipino Club today they can, however, keep up whatever optimistic hopes they have by taking full points.

Although with only three matches to go and the Championship title back again within their grasp, Craighengower still have a

thorny path ahead. This afternoon they will be up against the giant-killing Talook twelve, fresh from their recent 5-0 triumph over the IRC "Blues".

ANYTHING MAY HAPPEN

With the Craighengower bowlers playing much below the form they displayed during the early part of the season and with the Talook twelve hitting their top form at the moment, anything may happen in this game.

In the first game between the two teams played at Talook, the documents fully extended their opponents before losing by a 4-1 margin and only by five shots on the aggregate.

There is no doubt that Craighengower will have their hands full this afternoon trying to save off the Talook threat. Unless they strike somewhere near their top form, they may find themselves back again where they were just before the downfall of IRC "Blues" and KCC.

The Craighengower line-up, too, has much to be desired. Coates is woefully wasted as No. 3 to Joe Landolt. In the two matches that he has played so far, Coates has shown how much more valuable he could be by being given a rink.

The Second Division games will see the race continue for the runner-up position among Recreo, HKFC, KCC, CCC and USRC, with Recreo being the best bet to maintain their second place with a probable 5-0 win over PRC.

The League-leading Kowloon Dock "Blues" will be guests of Craighengower and the main interest in this game will be centred on whether Gourlay's four will be able to maintain their unbeaten record in the League.

In the Third Division, the match between CCC and KBGC has been postponed due to shortage of greens and HKPSA are expected to retain the League leadership with at least a 4-1 win over HKERC.

OPEN TRIPLES

Tomorrow, the Colony Open Triples Championship enters the second round with a programme of eight matches on different greens.

The Triples Championship has become the "underdog" event of this year. One after another favoured combination has been eliminated and out of the sixteen combinations left it is extremely difficult to pick up likely winners.

The best game of the afternoon will probably be that between KCC's J. Dooly, J. Tang and J. Duffield and KBGC's J. Tindall, E. J. Liddell and A. Eastman to be played at Recreo.

Another good game should be seen at KBGC where Recreo's J. C. Fonseca, A. P. Pereira and C. C. Pereira will be pitted against Kowloon Dock's S. Telford, W. Riley and G. Coles.

TODAY'S GAMES

- First Division**
Recreo v. KCC
CCC v. TC
KBGC v. IRC "Gold"
FC v. IRC "Blue"
- Second Division**
USRC v. HKFC
PRC v. Recreo
CCC v. KCC "Blue"
KCC "White" v. FC
HKCC v. KCC
- Third Division**
CCC v. KBGC (postponed)
PRC v. FC
HKERC v. HKPSA
KCC v. HKFC
- Ladies' League**
KCC v. CCC "Green"
PRC v. KBGC
TC v. FC
KCC "Red" v. USRC
KCC "White" v. CCC "Yellow"

MOTOR RACING

Now The Russians Prepare To Crash In On UK's Speedway

Says JOHN MACADAM

In Oslo the other day was underlined the international character of Australian-born and British-bred Speedway, the sport that started without an apparent chance, and now, year by year, is sweeping the world—even to behind the Iron Curtain.

There, in Norway's capital, the Continental countries ride out the final trials to decide who and which shall compete in the World Championship final at Wembley on September 22, a Saturday for the first time in the history of the contest.

So the all-family, non-betting sport that seemed to languish in recent years, appears to be firmly re-established on an international basis, and the growing enthusiasm for it on the Continent will certainly be reflected in Britain, where so much has been done to perfect its skills and techniques.

One indication of Continental interest in Speedway is the past week's Test victory, by two matches to one, of the Swedish team over England.

Another indication is the intensified interest of the Russians in the game. Already, they plan the completion of 17 large tracks throughout the Soviet Union.

Although they claim that their native riders are not yet ready for international competition, it is very likely indeed that they will be ready to put a team with a chance on the international track in time for next year's World Championships.

They had observers at the May championship eliminator for Continental countries in Warsaw, and they will almost certainly be represented at Wembley in September.... watching and noting.

What fantastic fellows they are!

WON FIRST TIME

When they decided, six years ago, to take up big-time international ice hockey, they decided to import Canadian coaches. They merely watched the experienced countries play the game, and then they studied their films and their notes, and entered for the Cortina Olympics—and WON!

They will go through the same process with speedway as they are currently with golf and tennis, and heaven help us if they ever decide to take up cricket and bowls.

They will certainly be there making notes when, at Oslo, eight Swedes, six Poles, one Norwegian, and one German compete to find a best Continental four for the Wembley World Championship final. Two of these are likely to be the stars of the triumphant Swedish team who humbled Finland and Olle Nygren, the real bogey man for us. Fundin got a lot of his experience with Nygren, and Nygren, once of Wimbledon, was in the Isle of Man T.T. race this year. The British stars? Well, it is a safe bet that among them will be such of the Tests-with-Swedes stars as Ken McKinlay, the Blantyre-born Flying Scot

from Leicester, who learned his speedway on BAOR tracks; Vic Bradley, the former West Country grass rider from Salisbury; the idolised George White, of Swindon; and Jack Ustead, the burly coooper of Bethnal Green, who rides for Royleigh, near Southend.

Among the 16 World Championship contenders—the four Continentals who emerged at Oslo plus 12 British, including, of course, the seeded 1955 World Champion, Liverpool-born Belle Vue man, Peter Craven—will be a choice selection of our First Division stars.

They are, notably: Bearded Brian Crutcher, 21-year-old test captain who rides for Wembley; the New Zealanders, Ronno Moore, 1954 World Champion; and Barry Briggs, both of them with Wimbledon; and the South African ace, Doug Davies.

But the truly international character of the game can be seen in the list of Continental countries now following it with intense interest. It is popular in all four Scandinavian countries, in Holland, Poland, Austria, Switzerland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia, and as I have said, Russia is all set to jump on the band wagon.

Cheer the boys on.... They'll need it!

SPORTS SPECTRUM

There's A New Gleam In The Bird's Eye View

A roar from the dice school in the corner showed that some unfortunate soul was on the wrong end of a bill for a round of drinks. The big smile on their faces as they pushed their chairs back from the table was adequate indication that neither Big John nor Mr Wong was due for the big dip in the pocket.

"You look particularly bright and cheerful today," said John as his old friend banged the bar to hasten his successful dice player's reward. What's the special occasion? Got a pink ticket or something?"

Mr Wong gave John a sly look as he sipped his drink. "How accurately you assess a situation. How cleverly you diagnose my guilty symptoms, for the truth is that I'm on the loose for the night. My mislay has gone to a private cannabis drive in aid of some worthy charity or other—these are her own words—and there is no worry about any demanding and menacing phone calls upsetting the calculated pleasures of my evening...."

John saw that Wong was really enjoying the circumstances and felt that a well placed word or two would put him in the right mood. Trust you to organise things with a word when it came to flaking and fiddling and it's reassuring to see you haven't lost your touch."

Wong accepted the compliment with a concealed satisfaction and pursed the incident to a close with a quiet disclaimer. "Don't worry, John, some of us have the inborn ability to organise things.... but I suppose you'll learn in time...."

"Coming from you that's really rich.... but as you say only time will tell," replied John, as he called for another round of refreshments.

By now the pair had made their way to the familiar table by the window where so many wordy battles had been fought, but the general air of goodwill suggested that quiet waters lay ahead.

The No. 1 boy placed the drinks and some potato crisps on the table as Mr Wong glanced over the front page of his 'China Mail'.... and then came the innocent sort of remark that in the past has given birth to so many discussions between the two worthies. "Tell me, John, do you ever read that column in the Morning Post.... what's it called.... Bate in the Belfry.... or the Cuckoo Column...."

"You mean Bird's Eye View? I never miss it.... and clever and funny it is," cut in Big John....

"Well, I had the right sort of idea.... but I don't know about it being clever or funny.... sometimes I can't understand the darned thing and that always makes me furious...."

Before John could make any comment Wong pitched right into the fray again. "Did you see it on Thursday? It had something about it being a good idea if every football team had its own newspaper. What was the sense or the humour in that? Does it make any sense to you?"

"Don't your friends ever tell you anything," counter-queried Big John.... but then maybe if they did it would still be too subtle for you.... It's a subtle and clever paragraph!"

Wong decided to let the ball slip but without knowing it he had scored a provocative hit on his companion's fancy, and John seemed to be reflecting on the text of the little paragraph which Wong had quoted.

"It's a most intriguing suggestion," he commented as a smile played around his face. "Just think of the week-end fun we could have if we had regular publication of.... say.... the South China Clarion.... or the KMB Courier, the Eastern Express, the Army Album, the Club Clarion, the RAF Rag and so on. Each team would then have its own staff of sports reporters and I think that might give rise to some really brilliant

controversy. Imagine the fun we could have. It would put the Yankee comics right out of business...."

"Suppose—for the sake of discussion—the Club aspect of predictions by knocking South China out of the Scatter Shield by 4 goals to 1 on a Sunday.... the Clarion and the Clanger would be documents deluxe on Monday."

"The Clanger would probably appear with eleven photographs acclaiming 'OUR HEROES' and some American style shock-jackets reporting word for word of the wonders achieved by the boys in blue and white. It might even tell how unfortunate it was that the smaller Chinese boys had persisted in running into our boys' shoulders and falling down.... and it might also appear a word of commendation for the referee who had, very correctly of course, awarded them three late penalty kicks."

"Wong, m'boy, it would be wonderful stuff. Just think too what the Clarion would have to say about the same game. The headline would probably tell the soccer thousands 'WE WUZ ROBBED' and the front page might even carry a private investigator's appreciation of the referee's ancestry. It would probably also tell how the little Chinese players had been let treated by their massive opponents and would show in pictures they had been bowled over every time they went near the ball...."

Wong began to see the funny side of Big John's make-believe and chuckled in with.... and just think how a fight between two players would be reported. One side of the story would probably go something like this: During a particularly hectic period of play, our centre-half was struck very hard on the right flut by the opposing centre-forward's nose and a few seconds later while trying to get to the ball he was again the victim of a deliberate attack. This time the centre-forward's groin hit him right across the knee with great force. It is a mystery to this reporter how the irresponsible referee who was in charge of the game did not send the centre-forward off the field.... the sum as he did to our poor boy, suffering a centre-half! You're right, John, there are great new possibilities in this Bate in the Belfry suggestion...."

"It is the Bird's Eye View," John corrected with a trace of impatience in his voice.

"....well whatever it is.... I agree with you it has hit on a brilliant idea. I'd become a subscriber No. 1 to all the papers, but I'm afraid I'd be taking a few Mondays off just to read them.... all incidentally, what started this little prattle about football teams and newspapers anyhow?"

Big John thought over that for a long time as Wong had the glasses replenished. "I'm not really competent to answer that, well not completely," he said slowly.... "but it is all centred round the reported misconduct of two of our teams in Singapore—our Ambassadors who played football—and there seems to be a difference of local opinion as to whether or not we should believe what the newspapers and commentators have had to say about it.... both in reports from Singapore.... and in comments made here. There seem to be those who feel we should not believe the newspapers with reliable on the spot critics in showing or voicing our genuine disgust at what is alleged to have taken place...."

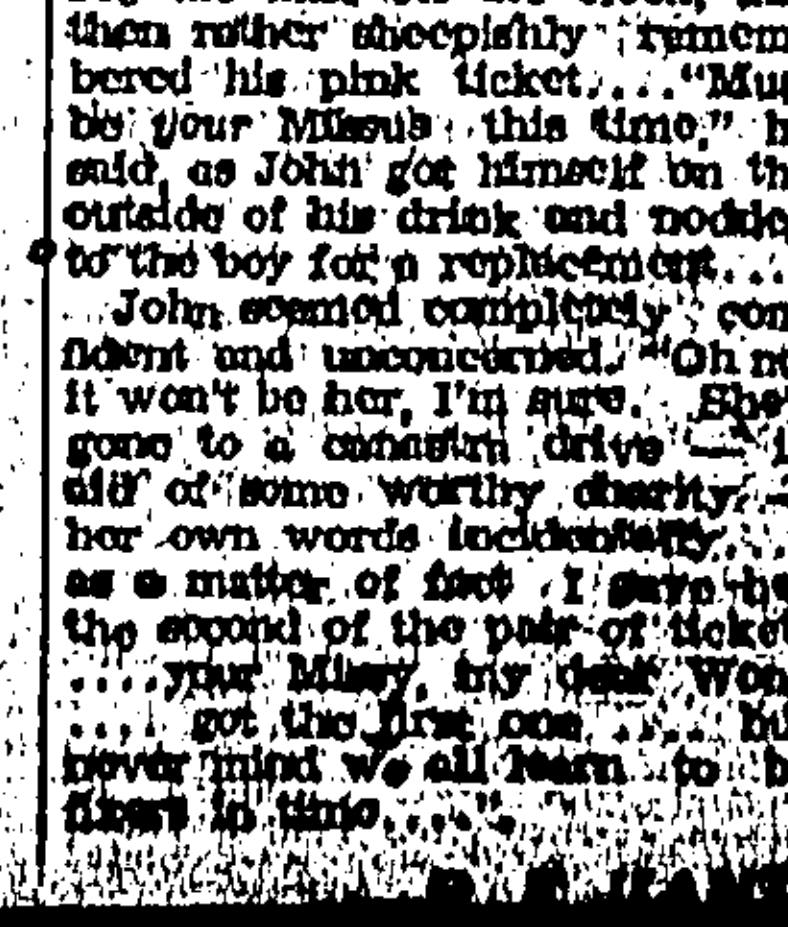
"What," Wong almost shouted, "you mean that after all the reports we've read we should still be like a big soccer ostrich and pretend it never happened. I wonder what the local papers.... and that MacTavish fellow, in particular, would have to say if the same thing happened between two visiting teams in Hongkong.... makes an interesting thought...."

With that the ball rang in the telephone booth. Wong, almost out of instinct, swung round to see the time on the clock, and then rather sheepishly remembered his pink ticket.... "Must be your idea, this in Singapore as John got himself on the outside of his drink and nodded to the boy for a replacement.... John seemed completely confident and unconcerned. "Oh no, it won't be her, I'm sure. She's gone to a cannabis drive.... in aid of some worthy charity.... her own words incidentally.... as a matter of fact I gave her a couple of pounds this in Singapore.... got the firm on.... but never mind we all seem to be fixed in this...."

POP



Paws for effect!



ALLSOPPS

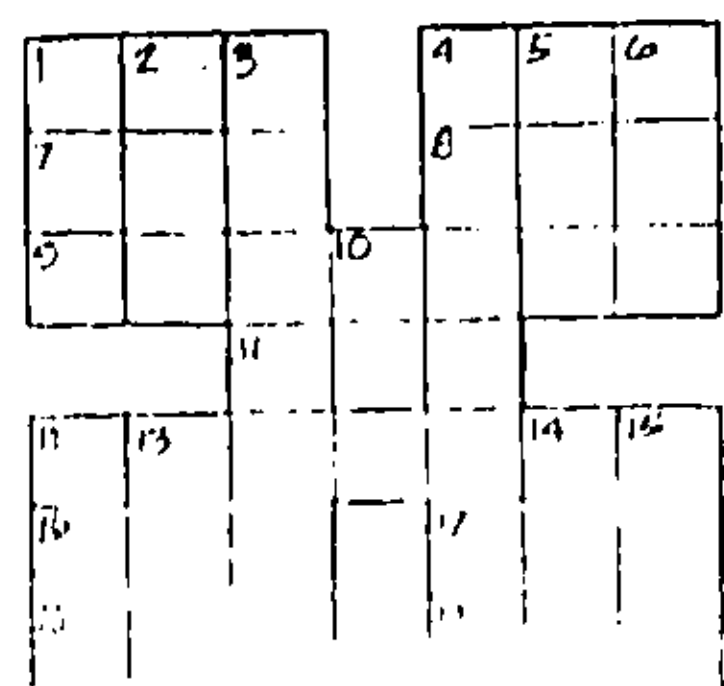
BRITISH LAGER BEER

Sole Agents, **CALBECK MACGREGOR & CO., LTD.**

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Garden tool
- 2 Part in a
- 7 "Tales of a Wayside"
- 8 New Guinea part
- 9 Model
- 11 Age
- 12 Get up again
- 16 Before
- 17 Uncle Tom's friend
- 18 Cover
- 19 Morning moisture

DOWN

- 1 Body part
- 2 Girl's name
- 3 Come in
- 4 Gratitude
- 5 Boat paddle
- 6 Liar
- 10 Three times, each time
- 12 Relative (abbr.)
- 13 Silk worm
- 14 Night before last
- 15 Observed

TRIANGLE

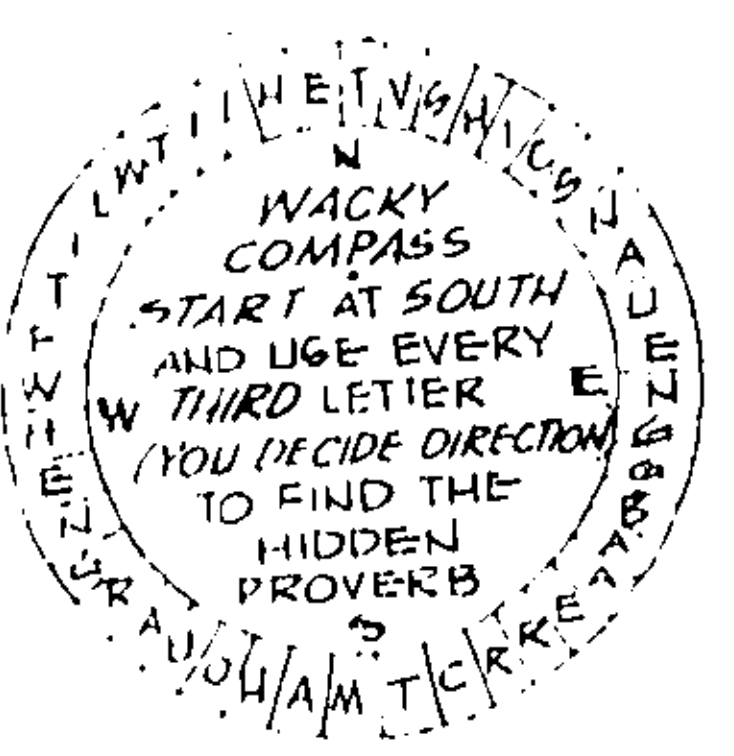
The Puzzlemaster has based his word triangle on HARTER. The second word is a musical note, third is a pitch, fourth is a much part, and fifth "bug". Finish the triangle.

H
A
R
T
E
R

SCRAMBLEGRAMS

As you can see, the program is a word scramble. The words are: "HARTER", "MUSICAL", "PITCH", "PART", "BUG".

WACKY COMPASS



SOUND ALIKES

Match words in the following sentence which sound alike, but are spelled differently. Can you complete the sentence?

The bars failed their attempt to — the jewels.

(Solutions on Page 20)

A WOOLLY CATERPILLAR'S STRANGE ADVENTURES

THE yellow sunflower had turned her face toward the setting sun and the dark woolly caterpillar crawled up a leaf.

But — had named Timmy — the caterpillar before he had hidden. Gathering up the caterpillar and leaf he placed them in a small green box.

"It's a very ugly worm," said Susie, his little sister. "Is that what you brought the box for?"

"It's a caterpillar!" corrected Timmy with dignity. "Don't you remember? Uncle John said they go to sleep and wake up with wings. I'm going to watch this one. Come here and see. It is black and yellow and cinnamon, and it is very pretty."

Tucking more sunflower leaves into the box for the caterpillar to eat, Timmy and Susie hurried home with their find. Timmy excitedly, and Susie skeptically.

"Just to be sure the thing doesn't get out of that box and crawl around the house," exclaimed Timmy's mother.

"It's a salt marsh caterpillar," said Timmy's father. "It eats up the farmers' crops."

"It is the caterpillar of the Estigmene acrea moth," explained Uncle

John, who was an entomologist. (An entomologist is a scientist who studies insects.)

As caterpillars they do eat leaves. But some caterpillars have to eat the leaves of the cotton leaves because they are so hard to eat. They are called "woolly" because they are covered with fine hairs. Some of the caterpillars are black and yellow and some just yellow, but they belong to the same moth.

For two days Timmy watched the caterpillar. Then one morning it had crawled out of the box and had fastened the leaf down so tight that Timmy could not see a thing.

Lifting one edge he discovered that the caterpillar had stuck its head and had woven them into a snug cocoon in which it was securely hidden.

It has said its caterpillar skin, Timmy said Uncle John, and grown a brown covering called a chrysalis. The chrysalis is wrapped in the cocoon which is made of the caterpillar's own body. Inside the chrysalis it will grow its moth body and wings.

"It will be white with an orange and black saddle shape and its wings will be white with black polka dots. The female's wings are white and orange, but the male's are yellow underneath."

In two weeks the moth will crawl out of the cocoon. From then on it will live on the leaves of flowers which it will sip with its long tongue. Neither caterpillar nor moth can bite nor sting.

"How can a worm grow wings?" asked Susie with interest. "That is something strange that we do not know," said



Looking like an ermine-wrapped lady, this Estigmene acrea moth was once a woolly caterpillar. Is it more friend than foe?

Uncle John. "Scientists believe that the pattern of the wings is there in the caterpillar all the time. The special kind of life in the small creature urges it to be a caterpillar, and then to transform into a moth. For want of a better name, we call these urges 'instincts'."

Susie, who had been watching the screen box with more than a little interest, came running excitedly to tell Timmy. "Come and see," she said breathlessly.

The white moth had emerged and stood poised on its empty cocoon with unfurled wings. The orange and black saddle shape marking on its back shone like a jewel against the pure white of its body. It was a female. Its wings were shining on top and underneath.

"It looks like a little angel with its white wings lifted up like that!" exclaimed Susie.

"We'll take it back to the sunflowers and turn it loose," said Timmy.

They passed Farmer Williams and showed him the tiny "angel".

"Angel, my eye!" he exploded. "Take it away quickly before it lays eggs that turn into caterpillars to eat up all my crops."

Timmy and Farmer Jones and he said, "Bring the little white moth to my cotton field and let the children take the leaves of my cotton."

And the white moth's children, and grandchildren, hurried hither and yon.

The produce farmers built little thicket fences around their crops to keep them out. But some of the cotton farmers, who said they would buy a definite rather than trust their cotton to be thinned by insects. (A manufactured defoliant is a preparation that farmers use to rid their leaves.)

But Farmer Jones said, "Why should I? I don't mind some caterpillars eating a few leaves. I can supply me with a few more trees."

So the woolly caterpillars ate the cotton leaves. And when they had eaten them all up they hurried to the green wild gardens where the sunflowers nestled in the sun.

There they would hide under the sunflower leaves and build their cocoons, and grow their white wings with the polka dots, and would never again, themselves, be woolly caterpillars to eat up the farmers' crops.

—Ida Smith

TIPS TO HELP YOU ENJOY THE GAME OF TENNIS

IN order to get the most out of the game of tennis you need good equipment.

Before you decide upon a tennis racket, try out various widths in handles.

Your hand must be comfortable and yet able to hold the racket without having the handle slip while you hit the ball. Otherwise your fingers will get blisters. Rackets also come in different weights. Swing a few around to see which is the most suitable one for you.

Today rackets are strung with either gut or nylon. A good gut racket will give you a faster game with less effort than a nylon racket. However, gut wears out faster and your racket will need restringing.

Use a press on the frame to keep the strings tight. Use a good quality gut or nylon string.

Lately tennis balls make the game enjoyable. Don't use your tennis balls when they have become worn through and very light.

If you are going to play often with the same partner, use this simple system: One time he or she supplies the tennis balls. The next time you bring them. Get a waterproof cover for your tennis racket.

Tennis balls have dot codes to show ownership. A better idea is to put your initials on the balls either with a glass applicator dipped in iodine or with a heavy red pencil.

Purchase heavy-soled tennis shoes. These with an inner arch support are a good investment. If you play on the regulation clay court, you will have to wear smooth-soled tennis shoes. If you use the asphalt or cement courts, a tennis shoe can be used.

Wear thick woollen or nylon socks. The sock should not fold under the toes, otherwise you get blisters.

Wear a tennis visor or a hat with a long visor.

If you wear eyeglasses, you can get a sports pair with tinted lenses.

Most courts permit boys and girls to wear shorts. Years ago, tennis players wore white trousers and the women wore white dresses.

Don't drink cold water during the tennis game or after it. You can rinse your mouth with water if you feel uncomfortable.

Stop before you get overtired. Here's hoping you become a top-rate tennis player. Save those old tennis balls for the youngsters and they can bounce them or use them as handballs.

SPARROW BUILDS A HOUSE — Like Many Others, He Builds Without Hands —

By MAX TRELL

KNARF, the shadow boy, met his friend the Policeman standing on the corner.

"Good morning, Mr. Policeman," said Knarf.

"Good morning, Knarf," said the Policeman.

"Mr. Policeman," said Knarf, "I just saw a very funny thing. I saw a sparrow flying across the street with a string in his bill."

"Oh," said the Policeman. "Sparrow was using that string to build his house."

"Builds his house?" repeated Knarf in surprise.

"Sparrow's House"

"Well, if you like, call it his nest," said the Policeman. "But to a sparrow it's a house, just like the house that you live in."

"But our house isn't made of string," said Knarf.

"Neither is the sparrow's," said the Policeman. "It's also made of twigs and moss and leaves, all woven together."

"Building a house is hard enough," the Policeman went on. "Even when you've got two hands to lay the bricks and saw the wood and put up the walls and nail down the shingles and put on the paint. But suppose you have to build a house without any hands!"

"Without any hands?" said Knarf. "You can't build a house without any hands!"

"In The Pond"

"Sparrow has no hands," said the Policeman. "He builds his house in a pond. Just like a fish. And like the bees and the ants. They build very handsome hives and hills with their feet. They have hundreds of rooms and halls and even doorways."

Knarf said he'd never thought of that.

"Yes," the Policeman continued, "and there's the sun."



Sparrow flew by with a string in his bill.

fish. He lives in the pond. Yet he builds a house without either hands or feet."

"What does he build his house with?" Knarf wanted to know.

"With his tail," said the Policeman. "He sweeps a hole in the sand or mud with his tail and the eggs are laid in it."

"Then there's the mole, the beaver, the water rat and the gopher. None of them has hands. Yet they all dig quite handsome houses for themselves under the ground. The spider spins a house for herself and so does the caterpillar. And as for the snail, who lives in a fine, private house made of shell—"

"How does the snail build it, Mr. Policeman?" asked Knarf.

The Policeman winked. "He just lets it grow. Come to think of it, that's the best way to get a house. It starts small when he's small; and it keeps getting bigger as he gets bigger. Of course, it's only one room and not very big and the snail can't ever leave it—"

"But he can take it with him wherever he goes, can't he?" said Knarf.

A New Address

"Yes," said the Policeman. "A snail has a new address every day. It's a good thing no one ever writes him any letters. I'm sure the mailman would have a great deal of trouble finding him. Because though he lives on the under side of a rose leaf on Monday, he would most likely be living on the upper side of a thistle on Tuesday and in the ditch at the edge of the road on Wednesday."

Knarf laughed.

"But all I wanted to say," said the Policeman, "was that lots of folks live in houses which they build without any hands, and the sparrow that you saw—carrying that bit of string—is one of them."

Knarf walked back home again. But he couldn't help thinking how hard, how very hard, it would be to build a house over with hands.

HOW TO HAVE FUN AT A PARTY

1. PUT A STRONG BOARD ON 2 BLOCKS OF WOOD LIKE THIS...

A BREAD BOARD WILL DO

2. BLINDFOLD A GUEST AND TELL HER SHE IS GOING FOR A BALLOON TRIP...AND TO JUMP BEFORE SHE HITS THE CEILING... THEN PUT HER ON THE BOARD!

LET HER STEADY HERSELF ON TWO PALS...WHO SLOWLY STOOP AS 4 OTHERS LIFT HER SLOWLY...WHEN ABOUT 6 INCHES FROM THE FLOOR EVERY ONE YELLS "LOOKOUT! CEILING JUMP!"... THEN WATCH THE FUN!

JUMP! JUMP! JUMP! JUMP!

JUMP! JUMP! JUMP! JUMP!

JUMP! JUMP! JUMP! JUMP!

JUMP! JUMP! JUMP! JUMP!

JUMP! JUMP! JUMP! JUMP!

JUMP! JUMP! JUMP! JUMP!

JUMP! JUMP! JUMP! JUMP!

JUMP! JUMP! JUMP! JUMP!

JUMP! JUMP! JUMP! JUMP!

JUMP! JUMP! JUMP! JUMP!

JUMP! JUMP! JUMP! JUMP!

JUMP! JUMP! JUMP! JUMP!

JUMP! JUMP! JUMP! JUMP!

JUMP! JUMP! JUMP! JUMP!

JUMP! JUMP! JUMP! JUMP!

JUMP! JUMP! JUMP! JUMP!

JUMP! JUMP! JUMP! JUMP!

JUMP! JUMP! JUMP! JUMP!

JUMP! JUMP! JUMP! JUMP!

THE WEIRD WELL OF YUCATAN

YUCATAN, in Mexico, is a country that has very few rivers and lakes. However, in a few places, the limestone crust of the ground has fallen in, exposing areas of underground water.

Near these natural wells, which they called "cenes," the Maya built their cities.

The important centre of Chichen Itza, famous throughout Yucatan over 1,000 years ago, had two wells. It was from these that the city received its name: "The Mouths of the Wells of Itza." (Itza was a Mayan tribal name).

WOMEN VICTIMS

One of these natural watering places was located at the centre of the city and was known as the Lizard Well. From here all of Chichen Itza's water supply was obtained. Two stairways led down to the water level which was 90 feet below the ground.

The second well was the Well of Sacrifice, situated at the northern end of the city. As the name indicates, many victims were thrown in to drown. This well is 180 feet in diameter and the water is at least 80 feet below the ground level.

It was much used in time of national crisis, such as a

THE WELL OF SACRIFICE



LIZARD WELL SUPPLIED ALL THE WATER FOR THE CITY OF CHICHEN ITZA.

drought. At daybreak young women were hurled into the well for the purpose of speaking with the gods.

If they survived the fall and were still alive by noon (and this was very unlikely) they were hauled out with ropes. Then they were questioned as to what the gods had told them of the future—for instance, would there be a good harvest or a famine?

However, if the girls failed to survive, it was considered an evil omen and the people fled the place after flinging rocks into the well.

For over thirty years excavations of Chichen Itza have been carried out. Dredging of the Well of Sacrifice was done as far back as 1910.

Besides human remains, the scientists brought up a vast assortment of personal possessions of the Itza people, including wooden weapons, shells, carved bones, incense and ornaments of gold and copper.

—by R. S. CRAGGS

STAMP FROM THE SAAR HAS AN ULTRA-MODERN DESIGN

THIS is a first-class example of the ultra-modern trend in stamp design about which I wrote a week ago. The stuffy portraits of national dignitaries have in some countries yielded place to a few lines which, in a series of straight, curves and zig-zags, portray a theme or idea.

The idea in this case is heavy industry, and the stamp which carries the symbolic design comes from the Saar.

This tiny border-land between France and Germany supports a massive iron and steel industry for its size. That is one reason why both its powerful neighbours have squabbled over the Saar for centuries.

At the moment, however, the squabble seems to have simmered down to a draw. The Saar is linked economically to France, but its people have voted against international status and for a government which favours a link-up with Germany, as in Hitler's day.

The new stamp, with its industrial theme behind its industrial symbolism, is perforated 11½, printed in photogravure and costs 6d, in London.

—J. A. A.



LOOKS WHO

IT ONCE WAS THE CUSTOM OF THE KING OF SIAM TO SEND A WHITE ELEPHANT TO A COURTIER WHOSE FORTUNE HE WISHED TO DESTROY. HENCE, "WHITE ELEPHANT" FOR SOMETHING ONE HAS BUT DOES NOT KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH.



IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE SOUTHWEST, MULES SOLD FOR \$30. APRILS—THREE TIMES THE PRICE OF A HORSE.

THE NUTCRACKER IS THE ONLY BIRD THAT CLIMBS DOWN THE TRUNKS OF TREES.

WHITEHEAD & CO., LTD.
WOODWORKING MACHINERY.
ENGINEERING EQUIPMENT CO., LTD.
H.K. & Shanghai Bank Bldg. Tel. 27780

CHINA MAIL

SHEAFFER'S
ADMIRAL "SNORKEL" PEN

Page 20 SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1956.

JOHN CLARKE'S CASEBOOK

WORST ENEMY

THERE is about Willie a kind of Poona flavour. He has the chunky, clipped moustache, the brushed back grey-streaked hair, and the fruity complexion and voice to match, of a stage major in an old comedy.

But Willie is not, in fact, a military man. He is just a drinking man who looks like a soldier. His principal occupation appears to be supporting brewers and distillers, and from time to time he runs into the occupational hazards of such a calling.

SHAKEN

THE last time Willie was up in court for being drunk the magistrate, Mr. Frank Powell, remanded him in custody for a week for a medical report.

When Willie was returned to the dock the magistrate glanced through what the doctors had written and said: "This says you will go on ruining your health by drink."

Willie, who gave his age as 38, flicked the doctored ends of his moustache. "D'you know," he said, "they kept me in bed in the prison hospital at Brixton till last Wednesday? Really shook me, that did."

I'VE GOT A JOB

THE doctor says, "that you won't accept the fact that drink is the true cause of your ill-health."

"I'll keep off it in future," Willie said stoutly. Perhaps he meant to give up ill-health, not drink.

"Has he got a home?" the magistrate asked.

"Yes," said Willie. "I don't believe a policeman began."

"I've got a job to go to," Willie said. "I could go back to being a party attendant."

"I don't think you'd be a very good party attendant, if you are always drunk," the magistrate suggested.

QUITE HOPELESS

THAT observation seemed to touch off Willie's temper. "There's one thing," he said, with fire in his voice. "I've never lost a job through drinking."

The magistrate turned to his probation officer. "Do you know this man?" he asked.

"Indeed, yes, very well," the probation officer sighed. "He's quite hopeless."

The magistrate turned to Willie again. "Well, you're your own worst enemy," he said.

"If you'll, give me this chance," Willie said.

"I'll do that," said Mr. Powell. "You're discharged conditionally."

"Thank you," said Willie, and he clicked his heels and marched away, chest out, head up. A military man off to meet and beat the enemy—himself.

Rediffusion

H.K.T.
11 a.m. Morning Melody, 11.30 The Adventures of the Scarlet Pimpernel—starring Maria Goring; 12 noon, Tune Time; 12.30 Music by Radio; 1.15 News, Weather Report and Special Announcements; 2. Saturday Parade—Elita Fitzgerald; 3. Saturday Requests—Presented by Betty; 2.45, Commentary on the start of the Round-The-Island Race; 3.30, News from the Government Stadium; 3.45, Wayne King Serenade; 3.50, News from the Government Stadium; 4. In the Morgan Manor; 4.30, Rhythm Parade; 5. Melody Music; 5.15, News; 5.30, Saturday Requests presented by Linda; 7. Rediffusion's Jazz Club; 7.30, London Studio Concert; 8. Scottish Orchestra; 8.15, Report and News; 8.30, Weather Report and Moonlight; 8.30, Rediffusion's Voice of Sport—News and Views of the Colony's Sports and Sportsmen; 9. The 8 Top Tunes of the Week; 9.30, London Town—Carroll Gibson and his Orchestra; 10. The Screen Present—Man from Jamaica; 10.30, One Night Stand; 11. Early News; 11.15, News; 11.30, Sports—Racing—King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot; Middlesex Cup at Lords and a County Championship Match; Kings Cup Air Race; 11.45, (approx.) Commentary by Jack Sloan and Charles Harvey on the arrival at Wanchai of the first pelicans in the Round-the-Island Walking Race. Close Down.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

SENSIBILITY Sense Horse Shore
Chore Chose Chose Elise Aest
Reject Discard Discard Apple Case
Crash Study Study Bump Bump
Blow Coach Tutor Trout Blue Block
Feet Cold Comfort Case Hearts
One Get Bolt Bolt Thunder Light
ning Conductor Sergeant Argent
Agent Agent About Turn Turn
Chase Ascent Ascent Favour, CURRY.

Wettest July In Britain For 80 Years

CRICKET PROGRAMME ALMOST WASHED OUT: MINOR CHANGES

London, July 20. Cricketers will be glad to see the end of this month, the wettest July for more than 80 years and a rain bedraggled programme which ended today left only minor points changes in the County Championship.

With first innings points in a drawn match Lancashire in drew their lead over Surrey, the champions, to 12 points but Surrey, without a game, now have two matches in hand.

The only counties to gain full points from current matches were the two bottom sides, Leicestershire and Kent, who are still at the foot of the table with 48 and 36 points respectively. In fact no side was able to do enough in this series of games to change any of the positions.

Abandoned

The Australians versus Club Cricket Conference (a one-day fixture), and Gentlemen versus Players matches were abandoned today without a ball bowled.

Derbyshire versus Herefordshire game. Here arose the strange position of both sides getting two points because their first innings scores were level—187—though Derbyshire had a wicket to fall.

Kent's win over Middlesex, only their second success of the season, was delayed until after lunch, rain preventing play between the two sides.

Kent were on top from the first day and over nearly everything to legbreakers Doug Wright and Jack Pettiford. Wright had match figures of eleven for 134 and Pettiford six for 55.

Another Target

Lancashire, unable to enforce the follow on with a lead of only 121 did the next best thing and declared immediately after losing a wicket in their second innings. This left Nottinghamshire 95 minutes in which to score 122 but time beat them.

Another set target was for Yorkshire to get 190 in 140 minutes when Glamorgan declared. They went for the runs at first, and Brian Close hit three sixes in his nineties. But after hitting 93 in 40 minutes Yorkshire were five wickets down for 87 fell back on defence and saved the game.

Leicestershire owed their win to the seventeen-year-old pace bowler Rodney Pratt. He followed a first innings performance of five for 33 by taking five for 27 in Somerset's second innings, claiming his first four victims for only nine runs.

Snatched Points

Sussex just managed to snatch first innings points from Worcestershire but in the rain-ruined fixture between Gloucestershire and Hampshire, arranged for evening hours on the first two days, there was no decision as Hampshire well behind, had lost only five first innings wickets when time expired.—Reuter.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS:

CROSSWORD:

H	O	E	P	O	D
I	N	N	L	A	E
P	A	T	T	E	R
E	R	A			
R	E	R	I	G	E
E	R	E	E	V	A
L	I	D	D	E	W

TRIANGLE:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
T	A	R	T								
L	A	R	D								
D	A	N	C	E							

SCRAMBLEGRAMS: Us. Sum. Nuts. Unle. Unites.

WAGGY COMPASS: More time can be caught with sugar than with vinegar.

SOUND ALIKES: Steel, steel.

LOCKE & VON NIDA Save Team

Sandwich, Kent, July 20. Bobby Locke (South Africa), three times Open Champion, and Norman von Nida, the diminutive Australian, made a magnificent recovery to enable the Commonwealth and Empire golf team to finish level, with two wins to each side, with the Britain and Ireland team at Prince's course here today. This was the inaugural Slazenger Trophy match.

Facing a five holes deficit at the start of the second round, Locke and von Nida played with great skill to compile a score of 69 in a testing sea breeze and beat Britain's captain Dai Rees and former Open Champion Max Faulkner by one hole.

In other matches Sid Scott and W. J. Branch (Britain) beat Bruce Crampton (Australia) and Trevor Wilkes (South Africa) by 7 and 6, Arthur Lees and Harry Westman (Britain) beat Peter Thomson (Australia) and Gary Player (South Africa) by two and one, Frank Phillips (Australia) and Ernie Southern (New Zealand) beat Christy O'Connor and Harry Bradshaw (Ireland) by one hole.—Reuter.

HOAD BEATEN AGAIN

London, July 20. Low Hoad, Australia's Wimbledon tennis champion, met his second defeat in Britain since the championships, when A. Huber of Austria beat him 7-5, 4-6, 6-4 in the semi-finals of the Welsh Championships at Newport, Monmouthshire, today.

In the finals of the men's singles, Huber will meet Mike Davies, the British player who inflicted a first post-Wimbledon defeat on Hoad. Davies beat a former Wimbledon champion today in Jaroslav Drobný (Czech) in his semi-finals match by 6-2, 6-4.

Britain's rising tennis starlet, Anne Haydon, won the ladies' singles title at Newport when she beat Daphne Seccy of Australia in the finals by 6-2, 6-3.—France-Press.

15 Rebels Killed In Algeria

Algiers, July 20. Fifteen rebels have been killed in clashes with French security forces in the Constantine area, in Eastern Algeria, it was reported here today.

The biggest clash, which got underway yesterday, cost the lives of seven rebels near Constantine.

Meanwhile, an official account of the fighting which broke out on Wednesday when a French force was ambushed by some 100 rebels near Oran, in Western Algeria, confirmed that 24 French soldiers were killed and eight wounded.

Nineteen members of the French security force were killed in the initial clash. The French authorities rushed reinforcements to the area and in the ensuing fight, reported still underway tonight, 11 rebels and five more French soldiers were killed.—France-Press.

Tunisia Applies For UN Membership

New York, July 20. Tunisia today applied formally for United Nations membership.

The text of a letter from Mr. Habib Bourguiba, the Foreign Minister, was released at United Nations headquarters a few hours after Security Council had cleared Morocco, another former French protectorate, for admission.

Mr. Bourguiba asked that the Council should consider Tunisia's application "at its next meeting."—Reuter.

JOINT NUCLEAR WAR DEFENCE OPERATION

Washington, July 20. Screaming sirens in the United States and Canada today began "Operation Alert", a joint exercise to prepare government services of both countries to protect themselves and continue functioning in the event of a nuclear attack.

The operation consisted of two stages: 1. An attack against Hawaii and Porto Rico by atomic bombs launched from submarines, and 2. A bombardment of sections of the United States and Canada by nuclear and atomic weapons of all calibres.

The President will be informed of the results of the exercise upon his return to Washington.—France-Press.

30 Departments

In Washington, as the exercises began, President Eisenhower went to a meeting of the National Security Council, the nation's highest policy making body, called together according to a carefully laid plan.

Thirty government departments and organizations were participating in "Operation Alert". They left for destinations which were kept secret.

News of the "attacks" were to be announced from a "secret" news centre about 100 miles from Washington, where a certain number of newsmen have been assembled.

A similar exercise was held in the United States last year, during which President Eisenhower left Washington for a secret refuge some distance from the capital.

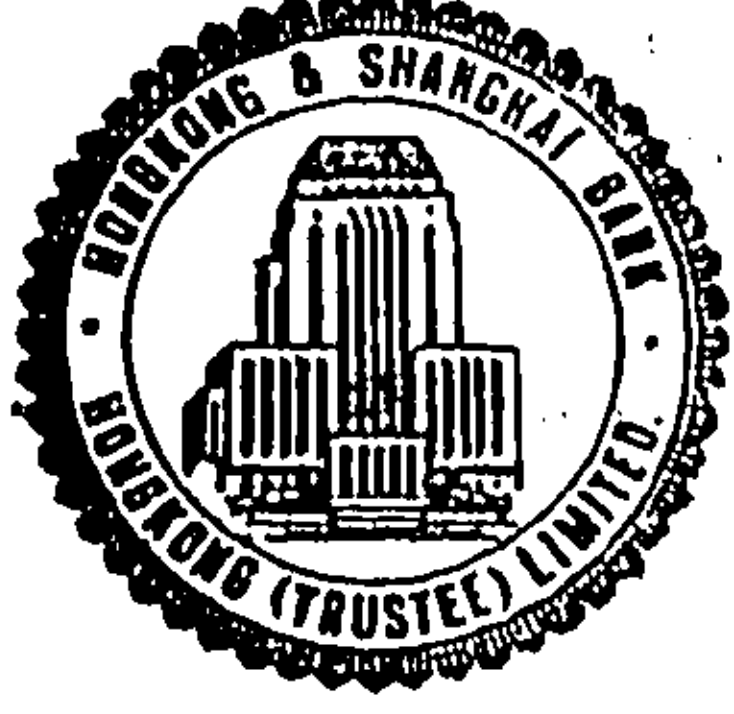
Did Not Participate

Except for the meeting with the Security Council, Eisenhower was not to participate in this year's exercise, because he is

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"No more spinach for me, Mom! Your diet book says there's twelve times as many calories in a candy bar or hamburger!"



HONGKONG & SHANGHAI BANK LIMITED
EXECUTORS and TRUSTEES for the COLONY and the FAR EAST

The Trustee Company of The Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation Hong Kong

HONGKONG SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

Beaconsfield Arcade, Queen's Road, C.
Tel. Day 37870
Tel. Night 78726
Kln. 57172



YOU CAN HELP THE H.K.S.P.C.A. TO COMBAT CRUELTY BY JOINING THE SOCIETY or by sending us a Donation.

Life Membership . . . \$100.00
Subscribing Member \$ 10.00 per annum
Junior Member . . . \$ 1.00 per annum

Mr. T. W. FRIPP, Hon. Treasurer.
c/o Hong Kong Electric Co., Ltd.,
P. O. Building, Hong Kong.

HONGKONG COUNCIL OF SOCIAL SERVICE

To co-ordinate the activities of voluntary welfare organizations, and to promote the knowledge and practice of social welfare work.

Information will be gladly supplied by the Secretary, Office: 403, China Building, Tel. 21709.

CHINA MAIL

HONGKONG PUBLISHED DAILY (AFTERNOON)
Price, 20 cents per copy, Saturdays 30 cents, Subscription: \$6.00 per month, Postage: China and Macao \$3.00 per month, U.K., British Possessions and other countries \$7.00 per month. News contributions always welcome. Should be addressed to the Editor, business communications and advertisements to the Secretary, Telephone: 26111 (5 Lines).
KOWLOON OFFICE: Salisbury Road, Telephone: 6414.

Classified Advertisements
20 WORDS \$4.00 for 1 DAY PREPAID
ADDITIONAL INSERTIONS \$2.00 PER DAY
10 cents PER WORD OVER 20 Births, Deaths, Marriages, Personal \$5.00 per insertion (exceeding 25 words, 25 cents each additional word).
ALTERNATE INSERTIONS 10% EXTRA
If not prepaid a booking fee of 50 cents is charged.

TUITION GIVEN

MODERN BALLROOM DANCING made easy and quick to learn tango, mambo, rumba, jitterbug, pascas, cha-cha-cha, latest variations for beginners or couples taught or style improved. Lessons by appointment. Also classes for 15 or 20 Miss Alice Lily, 29 King Kwong St., 2nd floor, Happy Valley, 4-9 p.m.

STAMPS

SOMETHING EXCLUSIVE. Collections of stamps, from 20 cents per packet upwards. An entirely new series. South China Morning Post Ltd., Wyndham Street, Hong Kong and Salisbury Road, Kowloon.

CHURCH NOTICE

ST. PETER'S CHURCH
The Rectory, 40 Gloucester Road, Tel. 74221.
8.00 a.m. Holy Communion.
7.00 p.m. Evening Service.
(Other services arranged at any time by request.)

TO ADVERTISERS

SUNDAY POST-HERALD Space for commercial advertising should be booked not later than noon on Wednesday. For the SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST and the CHINA MAIL, 48 hours before date of publication. Special Announcements and Classified Advertisements as usual.

SOAPY WATER IS GOOD FOR PLANTS! USE BATH SURPLUS IN THE GARDEN.

WATER IS PRECIOUS

When they're Thirsty.....

Give them Sunkist
Quick Frozen or Natural FRUIT JUICES

Orange • Lemon and Pink Lemonade

The Dairy Farm

FOOD BARGAINS

Beef Round Steak REDUCED BY 30 Cts. a lb.

Kraft Garlic Cheese Spread REDUCED BY 20 Cts. per 5 oz. jar.

THE DAIRY FARM, ICE & COLD STORAGE CO., LTD.